The Saturday Evening Post

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THE HEAVEN OF LOVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY W. W. MALOTT.

Within this little hour she has said
That her heart is wholly mine,
And love from his brimming urn has shed
O'er my heart his nectarous wine;
For she has stooped from her throning skies,
And her heart on one bestows—
She of the glorious dusky eyes,
And heart like the Syrian Rose.

With blushes and smiles and fluttering heart,
And head drooped low on breast,
She has tremblingly owned to love's sweet smart,
And my life forever blest;
The light then flashed from opaline skies,
And on her its splendor throws—
She of the glorious dusky eyes,
And heart like the Syrian Rose.

Be still, O heart! and be hushed thy beat,
To hear the confession low,
For there will be time for rapture sweet
In all days that come and go:
The future in glowing colors rise,
As with me through life she goes—
She of the glorious dusky eyes,
And heart like the Syrian Rose.

O, my soul, be mute! for ne'er, I ween,
Will ecstasy such be mine,
For I the glories of Heaven have seen,
And heard its music divine.
Though grim fate may lower, and clouds will rise,
Like an unquenched star she glows—
She of the glorious dusky eyes,
And heart like the Syrian Rose.

AN HINDOO MONEY-CHANGER.

Our engraving represents the Eastern money-changer at his post. His face indicates great shrewdness. Like others of his class, he is sharp at a bargain, and not over-scrupulous.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER IX.

IN LAWYER DALE'S OFFICE.

Whitborough was a good-sized, bustling town, sending two members to Parliament. In the heart of it lived Mr. Dale, the lawyer, who did a little in money lending as well. He was a short, stout man, with a red pimply face and no whiskers, nearly bald on the top of his round head; and usually attired himself in the attractive costume of a brown tail coat and white neckcloth.

On this same morning, which had witnessed the departure of Sir Nash Bohun and his son from Dallory Hall, Mr. Dale—known commonly amid his townsfolks as lawyer Dale—was seated in his office at Whitborough. It was a small room, containing a kind of double desk, at which two people might face each other. The lawyer's place at it was against the wall, his face to the room; a clerk sometimes sat, or stood, on the other side when business was pressing. Adjoining this office was one for the clerks, three of whom were kept; and clients had to come through their room to reach the lawyer's.

Mr. Dale was writing busily. The clock was on the stroke of twelve, and a great deal of the morning's work had to be done yet; when one of the clerks came in; a tall, thin cadaverous youth with black hair, parted into a flat curl on his forehead.

"Are you at home, sir?"

"Who is, it?" asked Mr. Dale, growling at the interruption.

"Mr. Richard North."

"Send him in."

Richard came in; a fine-looking man in his deep black clothes—the lawyer could not help thinking so. After shaking hands—a ceremony Mr. Dale liked to observe with all his clients, they being agreeable—he came from behind his desk to seat himself in his dwarf elbow-chair of red patent leather, and gave Richard a seat opposite. The room was small, the desk and other furniture large, and they sat nearly nose to nose. Richard held his hat on his knee.

"You guess, no doubt what has brought me here, Mr. Dale. Now that my ill-fated brother is put out of our sight in his last resting-place, I have leisure and inclination to look into the miserable event that sent him to it. I shall spare neither cost nor energy in discovering—if so may be—the traitor."

"You allude to the anonymous letter."

"Yes. And I have come here to ask you to give me all the information you can about it."

"But, my good sir, I have no information to give. I don't possess any."

"I ought to have said information of the attendant circumstances. Let me hear your history of the transaction from beginning to end: and if you can impart to me any hint of the possible writer—that is, if you have formed any private notion of him—I trust you will do so."

Mr. Dale could be a little tricky on occasion; he was sometimes engaged in transactions that would not have borne the light, and that most certainly he would never have talked of. On the contrary, he could be honest and truthful where there existed no reason for being the contrary: and this anonymous letter business came under the latter category.

"The transaction was as open and straightforward as could be," spoke the lawyer—and Richard, a judge of character and countenances, saw he was speaking the truth. "Mr. Edmund North came to me one day some short time ago, wanting me to let him have a hundred pounds on his own security. I didn't care to do that—I knew about his bill transactions, you see—and I proposed that somebody should join him. Eventually he came with Alexander, the surgeon, and the matter was arranged."

"Do you know for what purpose he wanted the money?"

"For his young brother, Sidney North. A fast young man, that, Mr. Richard," added the lawyer, in a significant tone.

"Yes. Unfortunately."

"Well, he had got into some secret trouble, and came praying to Mr. Edmund to get him out of it. Whatever foolish ways Edmund North had wasted money in, there's this consolation remaining to his friends—that the transaction which eventually sent him to his grave was one of pure kindness," added the lawyer, warmly.

"'My father has enough trouble, Dale,' he said to me, 'what with one thing and another, his life's about worried out of him; and I don't care that he should get to hear of what Master Sydney's been doing, if it can be kept from him?' Yes; the motive was a good one."

"How was it he did not apply to me?" asked Richard.

"Well—had you not, just about that time, assisted your brother Edmund in some scrape of his own?"

Richard North nodded.

"Just so. He said he had not the face to apply to you so soon again; should be ashamed of himself. Well, to go on, Mr. Richard North. I gave him the money on the bill; and when it became due, neither he nor Alexander could meet it; so I agreed to renew. Only one day after that, the anonymous letter found its way to Dallory Hall."

"You are sure of that?"

"Certain. The bill was renewed on the 30th of April; here, in this very room; Mr. North got the letter on the 1st of May."

"It was so. By the evening post."

"So that, if the transaction got wind through that renewing, the writer did not lose much time."

"Well now Mr. Dale, in what way could that transaction have got wind, and who heard of it?"

"I never spoke of it to a single soul," impetuously cried the lawyer, giving his knee a thump with his closed hand. And Richard North felt sure that he had not.

"The transaction from the beginning was known only to us three people; Edmund North, the surgeon, and myself. I don't believe either of them mentioned it at all. I know I did not. It's just possible Edmund North might have told his step-brother Sidney the way he got the money—the young scamp. I beg your pardon, Mr. Richard; I forgot he was your brother also."

"It would be to Sidney's interest to keep it quiet," casually remarked Richard. "Our men at the works have got a report running amidst them—I know not whence picked up, and I don't think they know—that the writer of the letter was your clerk, Wilks."

"Flam!" contemptuously rejoined the lawyer. "I've heard of that. Why should Wilks trouble his head to write about it? Don't you believe anything so foolish."

"I don't believe it," returned Richard North. "The man could have no motive whatever for it, as far as I can see. But I think this—that he may have become cognizant of the affair, and talked of it abroad."

"Not one of my clerks knew anything about it," protested Mr. Dale. "I've got three of 'em: Wilks and two others. You don't suppose, sir, I take them into my confidence in all things."

"But, is it quite impossible that any one of them—say Wilks—could have got to know of it surreptitiously?" urged Richard.

"Wilks has nothing surreptitious about him," said the lawyer. "He is too shallow-pated. A thoroughly useful clerk here, but a man without guile."

"I did not mean to apply the word surreptitious to him personally. I'll change it if you like. Could Wilks, or either of the other two have accidentally learnt this without your knowledge? Was there a possibility of it? Come, Mr. Dale; be open with me. Even if it were so, no blame attaches to you."

"It is just this," answered Mr. Dale, accepting the solicitation to be open—"that I don't see how it was possible for any one of them to have learnt it; while at the same time, I see no other way in which it could have transpired. That's the candid truth."

"But—is it quite impossible they could have learnt it?" urged Richard North, repeating his word.

"It seems impossible to me; but it is just one of those things that one could not take a Bible oath to. I lay awake in the night for half an hour, turning the puzzle about in my mind. Alexander says he never opened his lips upon it; I know I did not; and poor Edmund North went into his fatal passion thinking Alexander wrote the letter, because he said Alexander alone knew of it; which is a pretty sure proof he had not talked himself."

"Which brings us back again to your clerks," remarked Richard North. "They might have overheard a few chance words when the bill was renewed."

"I'm sure the door was shut," debated Mr. Dale, in a tone as if he were *not* sure, but rather sought to tell himself he was sure. "Only Wilks was in that morning; the other two had gone out."

"Rely upon it, that's how it happened, then. The door could not have been quite closed."

"Well, I don't know. I generally shut it myself, with a bang too, when important clients are in here. I confess," honestly added Mr. Dale, "that it's the only loop-hole I can see. If the door was unlatched, Wilks might have heard. I had him in last night, and taxed him with it. He denies it out and out: says that, even if the affair had reached his knowledge, he knows his duty better than to have talked of it."

"I don't doubt that he does, when in his sober senses. But he is not always in them."

"Oh, come, Mr. Richard North, it is not so bad as that."

Richard was silent. If Mr. Dale was satisfied with his clerk and his clerk's discretion, he had no wish to render him otherwise.

"He takes too much now and then, you know, Mr. Dale: and he may have dropped a word in some enemy's hearing; who caught it up and then wrote the letter. Would you mind my questioning him?"

"He is not here to be questioned, or you might do it and welcome," replied Mr. Dale. "Wilks is lying up to-day. He has not been well for more than a week past; could hardly do his work yesterday."

"I'll take an opportunity of seeing him, then," said Richard. "My father won't rest until the writer of this letter shall be traced; neither, in truth, shall I."

The lawyer said good-morning to his visitor, and returned to his desk. But ere he recommenced work, he thought over the chief subject of their conversation. Had the traitor been Wilks? he asked himself. What Richard North had said was perfectly true—that the young man sometimes took too much after work was over. But Mr. Dale had hitherto found no cause to complain of his discretion: and, difficult as any other loop-hole of suspicion seemed, he finally concluded that he had no cause now.

Meanwhile Richard North walked back to Dallory—it was nearly two miles from Whitborough. Passing his works, he continued his way a little further, to a turning called North Inlet; in which were some houses large and small tenanted chiefly by his work-people. In one of these, a pretty cottage standing back, lodged Timothy Wilks. The landlady was a relative of Wilks's, and as he got his two rooms cheap, he did not mind the walk twice a day to and from Whitborough.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Green. Is Timothy Wilks in?"

Mrs. Green, an ancient matron in a mob-cap, was on her hands and knees, whitening the door-step. She got up at the salutation, saw it was Richard North, and curtseyed.

"Tim have just crawled out to get a bite o' sunshine, sir. He's very bad to-day. Would you please to walk in, Mr. Richard?"

Here, amidst this colony of his work-people, he was chiefly known as "Mr. Richard." Mrs. Green's husband was time-keeper at the North works.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Richard, as he stepped over the threshold and the bucket to the little parlor.

"Well, sir, I only hope it's not the low-fever; but it looks to me uncommon like it."

"Since when has he been ill?"

"He have been ailing this fortnight past. The fact is, sir, he *won't* keep steady," she added in a deploring tone. "Once a week he's safe to come home the worse for drink, and that's pay night; and sometimes it's oftener than that. Then for two days afterwards he can't eat; and so it goes on, and he gets as weak as a rat. It's not that he takes much drink; it is that a little upsets him. Some men could take half-a-dozen glasses a'most to his one."

"What a pity it is!" exclaimed Richard.

"He had a regular bout of it a week ago," resumed Mrs. Green; who when she was set off on the score of Timothy's misdoings, never knew when to stop. It was so well known to North Inlet, this failing of the young man's, that she might have talked of it in the market-place and not betrayed confidence. "He had been ailing before, as I said, Mr. Richard; off his food, and that; but one night he caught it smartly, and he's been getting ill ever since."

"Caught what smartly?" asked Richard, not understanding North Inlet idioms.

"Why, the drink, sir. He came home reeling, and give his head such a bang again the door-post that it knocked him back'ards. I got him up somehow—Green was out—and on to his bed, and there he went off in a dead faint. I'd no vinegar in the house: if you want a thing in a hurry you're sure to be out of it: so I burnt a feather up his nose and that brought him to. He began to talk all sorts of nonsense then, about doing 'bills,' whatever that might mean, and old Dale's money boxes, running words into one another like mad, so that you couldn't make top nor tail o' the sense. I'd never seen him as bad as this, and got n'most frightened."

She paused to take breath, always short with Mrs. Green. The words "doing bills" struck Richard North. He immediately perceived that hence might have arisen the report (for she had no doubt talked of this publicly) that Timothy Wilks was the traitor. Other listeners could put two and two together as well as he.

"I thought I'd get in the vinegar, in case he went off again," resumed Mrs. Green, having laid in a fresh stock of breath. "And when I was running round to the shop for it—leastways walking, for I can't run now—who should I meet, turning out of Ketler's, but Dr. Rane. I stopped to tell him, and he said he'd look in and see Tim. He's a kind man in sickness, Mr. Richard."

"Did he come?" asked Richard.

"Right off, sir, there and then. When I got back he had put cloth's of cold water on Tim's head. And wasn't Tim talking! You might have thought him a show-man at the fair. The doctor wrote something on paper with his pencil and sent me off again to Stevens's, the druggist's, and Stevens he gave me a little bottle of white stuff to bring back. The doctor gave Tim some of it in a tea-cup of cold water, and it sent him into a good sleep. But he has never been well, sir, since then: and now I misdoubt me but it will end in low fever."

"Do you remember what night this was?" asked Richard.

"Ay, that I do, sir. For the foolish girls was standing out by twos and threes, making bargains with their sweethearts to go a Maying at morning dawn. I told 'em they'd a deal better stop in-doors to mend their stockings. 'Twas the night afore the First of May, Mr. Richard."

"The evening of the day the bill was renewed," thought Richard. He possessed the right clue now. If he had entertained any doubt of Wilks before, this set it at rest.

"Did any of the neighbors hear Tim talking?" he asked.

"Not a soul but me and Dr. Rane here, sir. But I b'lieve he had been holding forth to a room full at the Wheatsheaf. They say he was part gone when he got there. Oh, it does make me so vexed, the ranting way he goes on when the drink's in him. If his poor father and mother could look up from their graves, they'd be fit to shake him in very shame. Drink is the worst curse that's going, Mr. Richard—and poor Tim's weak head won't stand hardly a drop of it."

She had told all she knew. Richard North stepped over the bucket again, remarking that he might meet Tim. Sure enough he did. In taking a cross-cut to the works, he came upon him, leaning against the wooden rails that bordered a piece of waste land. He looked very ill: Richard saw that: a small, slight young man with a mild, pleasant countenance and inoffensive manners. His mother had been a cousin of Mrs. Green's, but superior to the Greens in station. Timothy would have held his head considerably above North Inlet, but for being brought down both in consequence and pocket by these oft-recurring bouts.

Kindly and courteously, but with a tone of resolution not to be mistaken, Richard North entered on his questioning. He did not suspect Wilks of having written the anonymous letter; he told him this candidly; but he suspected, nay, knew, that it must have been penned by some one who had gathered certain details from Wilks's tongue. Wilks, weak and ill, acknowledged that the circumstance of the drawing of the bill (or rather the renewing of one) had penetrated to his hearing in Mr. Dale's office; but he declared that he had not, so far as he knew, repeated it again.

"I'd no more talk of our office business, sir, than I'd write an anonymous letter," said he, much aggrieved. "Mr. Dale never had a more faithful clerk about him than I am."

"I dare say you would not, knowingly," was Richard's rejoinder. "Answer me one question, Wilks. Have you any recollection of haranguing the public at the Wheatsheaf?"

Mr. Wilks's answer to this was, that he had not harangued the public at the Wheatsheaf. He remembered being at the house quite well, and there had been a good deal of argument in the parlor, chiefly, he thought, touching the question of whether masters in general ought not to give holiday on the First of May. There had been no particular haranguing on his part, he declared; and he could take his oath that he never opened his lips there about what had come to his knowledge. One thing he did confess, on being pressed by Richard—that he had no remembrance of quitting the Wheatsheaf, or of how he got home. He retained a faint notion of having seen Dr. Rane's face bending over him, but could not say whether it was a dream or reality.

Nothing more could be got out of Timothy Wilks. That the man was guiltless of intentional treachery there was as little doubt of as that the treachery had occurred through his tongue. Richard North bent his steps to the Wheatsheaf, to hold conference with Packerton, the landlord of that much-frequented hostelrie.

And any information that Packerton could give, he was willing to give: but it amounted to little. Richard wanted to get at the names of all who went into the parlor on the night of the 30th of April, during the time that Wilks was there. The landlord told over as many as he could remember; but said that others might have gone in and out. One man (who looked like a gentleman and sat by Wilks) was a stranger, he said; he had never seen him before or since. This man got quite friendly with Wilks, and went out with him, propping up his steps.

Packerton's son, a smart young fellow of

thirteen, going out on an errand, had overtaken them on their way across the waste ground. (In the very path where Richard had but now encountered Wilks.) Wilks was holding on by the railings, the boy said, talking with the other as fast as he could talk, and the other was laughing. Richard North wished he could find out who this man was, and where he might be seen: for, of all the rest mentioned by the landlord, there was not one at all likely to have taken up the cause and written the anonymous letter. Packerton's opinion was, that Wilks had not spoken of the matter there; he was then hardly "far enough gone" to have committed the imprudence.

"But I suppose he was when he left you," said Richard.

"Yes, sir, I'm afraid he might have been. He could talk; but every bit of reason had gone out of him. I never saw anybody but Wilks just like this when they've taken too much."

Again Richard North sought Wilks, and questioned him who this stranger, man or gentleman, was. He might as well have questioned the moon. Wilks had a hazy impression of having been with a tall, thin, strange man; but where or when or how, he knew not.

"I'll ask Rane what sort of a condition Wilks was in when he saw him," thought Richard.

But Richard could not carry out his intentions until night. Business claimed him for the rest of the day, and then he went home to dinner.

Dr. Rane was in his dining-room that night, the white blind drawn before the window, and writing by the light of a shaded candle. Bessy North had said to her father that Oliver was busy with a medical work that he expected good returns from, when published. It was so. He spared no labor; over that, or anything else; often writing far into the little hours. He was a patient, persevering man: once give him a fair chance of success, a good start on life's road, and he would be sure to go on to fortune. He said this to himself continually; and he was not mistaken. But the good chance had not come yet.

The clock was striking eight, when the doctor heard a ring at his door bell, and Phillis appeared, showing in Richard North. A thrill passed through Oliver Rane: perhaps he could not have told why or wherefore.

Richard sat down, and began to talk about Wilks, asking what he had to ask, entering into the question generally. Dr. Rane listened in silence.

"I beg your pardon," he suddenly said, remembering his one shaded candle. "I ought to have got more light."

"It's quite light enough for me," replied Richard. "Don't trouble. I'd as soon talk by this light as by a better. To go back to Wilks: Did he say anything about the bill in your hearing, Rane?"

"Not a word; not a syllable. Or, if he did, I failed to catch it."

"Old Mother Green says he talked of 'bills,'" said Richard. "That was before you saw him."

"Does she?" carelessly remarked the doctor. "I heard nothing of the kind. There was no coherence whatever in his words, so far as I noticed: one does not pay much attention to the babblings of a drunken man."

"Was he quite beside himself?—quite unconscious of what he said, Rane?"

"Well, I am told that it is the peculiar idiosyncrasy of Wilks to be able to talk and yet to *be* unconscious: unconscious for all practical purposes, and for recollection afterwards. Otherwise I should not have considered him quite so far gone as that. He talked certainly; a little; seemed to answer me in a mechanical kind of way when I asked him a question, slipping one word into another. If I tried to understand him, I don't suppose I could. He did not say much; and I was about the house looking for water and rags to put on his head."

"Then *you* heard nothing of it, Rane."

"Absolutely nothing."

The doctor sat, so that the green shade of the candle happened to fall on his face, making it look very pale. Richard North, absorbed in thoughts about Wilks, could not have told whether the face was in the dark or the light. He spoke next about the stranger who had joined Wilks, saying he wished he could find out who it was.

"A tall thin man, bearing the appearance of a gentleman?" returned Dr. Rane. "Then I think I saw him, and spoke to him."

"Where?" asked Richard with animation.

"Close by your works. He was looking in through the iron gates. After quitting Green's cottage, I crossed the waste ground, and saw him standing at the gates, underneath the centre gas-lamp. I had to visit a patient down by the church, and took the near way over the waste ground."

"You did not recognize him?"

"Not at all. He was a stranger to me. As I was passing, he turned round and asked me whether he was going right for Whitborough. I pointed to the high road and told him to keep straight along it. Depend upon it, this was the same man."

"What could he have been looking in at our gates for?" muttered Richard. "And what—for this is of more consequence—had he been getting out of Wilks?"

"It seems rather curious altogether," remarked Dr. Rane.

"I'll find this man," said Richard, as he got up to say good night; "I must find him. Thank you, Rane."

But, after his departure Oliver Rane did not settle to his work as before. A man, once interrupted, cannot always do so. All he did was to pace the room restlessly with bowed head, like a man in some uneasy dream. The candle burnt lower, the flame got above the shade, throwing its light on his face, showing up its hues and lines and angles. But it was not a bit brighter than when the green shade had cast over it its cadaverous hue.

"Edmund North? Edmund North?"

Did the words in all their piteous hopeless appeal come from him? Or was it some supernatural cry in the air?

CHAPTER X.

PUT TO HIS CONSCIENCE.

A fine morning in June. Lovely June; with its bright blue skies and its summer flowers. Walking about amidst his rose-trees with their clustering blossoms, was Mr. North, a rake in his hand. He fancied he was gardening: he knew he was trifling. What did it matter?—his face looked almost happy. The glad sunshine was over-head, and he felt as free as a bird in it.

The anonymous letter, that had caused so much mischief, was passing into a thing of the past. In spite of Richard North's efforts to trace him out, the writer remained undiscovered. Timothy Wilks was the chief sufferer, and bitterly resentful thereupon. To have been openly accused of having sent it by at least six persons out of every dozen acquaintances he met, cankered the mind and curdled the temper of ill-starred Timothy Wilks. As to the general public, they were beginning to forget the trouble—as it is in the nature of a faithless public to do. Only in the hearts of a few individuals did the sad facts remain in all their rugged sternness; and, of those, one was Jelly.

Poor Mr. North could afford to be happy to-day, and for many days to come. Bessy also. Madam had relieved them of her presence yesterday, and gone careering off to Paris with her daughter. They hoped she might be away for weeks. In the seductive freedom of the home, Richard North had stayed late that morning. Mr. North was just beginning to talk with him, when some one called on business, and Richard shut himself up with the stranger. The morning had gone on; the interview was prolonged; but Richard was coming out now. Mr. North put down the rake.

"Has Wilson gone, Richard?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he want? He has stayed long enough!"

"Only a little business with me, father," was Richard's answer in his dutiful care. It had not been agreeable business, and Richard wished to spare his father.

"And now for Bessy, sir?" he resumed, as they paced side by side amidst the sweet-scented roses. "You were beginning to speak about her."

"Yes, I want to talk to you. Bessy would be happier with Rane than she is here, Dick."

Richard looked serious. He had no sort of objection to his sister's marrying Oliver Rane: in fact, he regarded it as an event certain to take place sooner or later; but he did not quite see that the way was clear for it yet.

"I make no doubt of that, father."

"And I think, Dick, she had better go to him now; while we are at liberty to do as we please at home."

"Now!" exclaimed Richard.

"Yes; now. That is, before Madam comes back. Poor Edmund is but just put under the sod; but—considering the circumstances—I think the memory of the dead must give place to the welfare of the living."

"But, how about ways and means, sir?"

"Ay, that's it; how about ways and means. Nothing can be spared from the works at present, I suppose, Dick."

"Nothing to speak of, sir."

Mr. North had felt ashamed even to ask the question. In fact, it was more a remark than a question, for he knew as well as Richard did that there was no superfluous money.

"Of course not, Dick. Rane gets just enough to live upon now, and no more. Yesterday, after Madam and Matilda had driven off, I was at the front gates when Rane passed. So he and I got talking about it—about Bessy. He said his income was small now, but that of course it would very considerably augment itself as soon as Alexander should have left. As he and Bessy are willing to try it, I don't see why they should not, Dick."

Richard gave no immediate reply. He had a rose in his hand and was looking at it absently, deep in thought. His father continued.

"It's not as if Rane had no expectations whatever. Two hundred a year must come to him at his mother's death. And—Dick—have you any notion how Mrs. Gass's will is left?"

"Not the least, sir."

"Oliver Rane is the nearest living relative to her late husband, Mrs. Cumberland excepted. He is Thomas Gass's own nephew—and all the money was his. It seems to me, Dick, that Mrs. Gass is sure to remember him: perhaps largely."

"She may."

"Yes; and I think will. Bessy shall go to him; and be emancipated from her thraldom here."

"Oliver Rane has got no furniture in his house."

"He has got some. The dining-room and his bed-room are as handsomely furnished as need be. We can put in a bit more. There's some things at the Hall that were Bessy's own mother's, and she shall have them. They have not been taken much account of here, Dick, amid the grand things that Madam has filled the house with."

"She'll make a fuss, though at their being removed," remarked Dick.

"Let her," retorted Mr. North, who could be brave as the best when two or three hundred miles lay between him and Madam. "Those things were your own dear mother's, Dick; she bought them with her own money before she married me, and I have always regarded them as heir-looms for Bessy. It's just a few plain solid mahogany things, as good as ever they were. It was our drawing-room furniture in the early days, and it will do for their drawing-room now. When Rane shall be making his six or seven hundred a year, they can buy finer, if they choose. We thought great things of it; I know that."

Richard smiled.

"I remember once when I was a very little fellow, my mother came in and caught me drawing a horse on the centre-table with pen-and-ink. The trouble she had to get the horse out!—and the whipping I got!"

"Poor Dick! She did not whip often."

"It did me good, sir. I have been scrupulously careful of furniture of all kinds ever since."

"Ah, nothing like the lessons of early childhood for making an impression," spoke Mr. North. "'Spare the rod and spoil the child!' There was never a truer saying than that."

"Then you really intend them to marry at once," spoke Richard, returning to the question.

"I do," said Mr. North, in a more decisive tone than he usually spoke. "They both wish it; and why should I hold out against them? Bessy's thirty this year, you know, Dick: if girls are not wives at that age, they begin to think it hard. It's better to marry tolerably young; a man and woman don't shake down into each others ways if they come together late in life. You are silent, Dick."

"I was thinking, sir, wether I could not manage a couple of hundred pounds for them from myself."

"You are ever generous, Dick. I don't know what we should all do without you."

"The question is—shall I give it over to them in money, or spend it for them in furniture?"

"In money; in money, Dick," advised Mr. North. "The furniture can be managed, and cash is cash. Spend it in chairs and tables, and it seems as if there were nothing tangible to show for it."

Richard smiled.

"It strikes me that the argument lies the other way, sir. The chairs and tables are tangible; whereas cash sometimes melts. However, I think it will be better to do as you advise. Bessy shall have two hundred pounds handed to her after her marriage, and they can do what they consider best with it."

"To be sure; to be sure, Dick. Let 'em be married: we'll put no impediment on it. Bessy has a miserable life of it here; and she'll be thirty on the twenty-ninth of this month. Oliver Rane was thirty the latter end of March."

"Only thirty!" cried Richard. "I think he must be more than that, sir."

"But he's not more," returned Mr. North. "I ought to know; and so ought you, Dick. Don't you remember they are both in the Tontine? All the children put into that tontine were born in the same year."

"Oh, was it so; I had forgotten," returned Richard, carelessly, for the tontine had never much troubled him. He could just recollect that when they were children he and his brother were wont to tease little Bessy, saying if she lived to be a hundred years old she'd come into a fortune.

"That was an unlucky tontine, Dick," said Mr. North, shaking his head. "Of ten children who were entered for it, only three remain. The seven are all dead. Four of them died in the first or second year."

"How came Oliver Rane to be put in the tontine?" asked Richard. "I thought he came to life in India—and lived there for the first few years of his life. The tontine children were all Whitborough children."

"Thomas Gass did that, Richard. When he got news that his sister had this baby—Oliver—he insisted upon putting him in the tontine. It was a sort of salve to his conscience; that's what I thought: what his sister and the poor baby wanted then was money—not to be put into a useless tontine. Ah, well, Rane has got on without anybody's assistance, and I daresay will flourish in the end."

Richard glanced at his watch; twelve o'clock; and increased his pace: a hundred and one things were wanting him at the works. Mr. North was walking with him to the gate.

"Yes, it's all for the best, Dick; they shall come together. And we'll get the wedding comfortably over while Madam's away."

"What has been her motive, sir, for opposing Bessy's engagement to Rane?"

"Motive!" returned Mr. North. "Do you see that white butterfly, Dick, fluttering senselessly about, now up, now down?—as good ask me what *his* motive is, as ask me Madam's. I don't suppose she has any motive—except that she is given to oppose us all."

Richard supposed it was so. Something might lie also in Bessy's patient excellence as a housekeeper: Madam, ever selfish, did not perhaps like to lose her.

As they reached the iron gates, Mrs. Cumberland passed, walking slowly. She looked very ill. Mr. North arrested her, and began to speak of the projected marriage of Oliver and Bessy. Mrs. Cumberland changed color and looked three parts scared. Unobservant Mr. North saw nothing. Richard did.

"Has Oliver not told you what's afoot?" said the former. "Young men are often shyer on these matters than women."

"It is a very small income for them to begin upon," she observed, presently, when Mr. North had said what he had to say—and Richard thought he detected that she had some private objection to the union. "So very small for Bessy—who has been used to Dallory Hall."

"It won't always remain small," said Mr. North. "His practice will increase when Alexander goes; and he'll have other money, may be, later. Oh, they'll get along, Fanny. Young couples like to be poor enough to make struggling upward a pleasure. I daresay you married upon less."

"Of course, if you are satisfied, it—it must be all right," murmured Mrs. Cumberland. "You and Bessy."

She pulled her veil over her gray face, said good morning, and moved away. Not in the direction of Dallory—as she was previously walking—but back to the Ham. Mr. North turned into his grounds again; Richard went after Mrs. Cumberland.

"I beg your pardon," he said—he was not as familiar with her as his father was—"will you allow me a word. You do not like this proposed marriage. Have you aught to urge against it?"

"Only for Bessy's sake. I was thinking of her."

"*Why* for Bessy's sake?"

There was some slight hesitation in Mrs. Cumberland's answer. She appeared to be pulling her veil straight.

"Their income will be so small. *I* know what a small income is, and therefore I feel for her."

"Is that all your doubt, Mrs. Cumberland?—the smallness of the income?"

"All."

"Then I think, as my father says, you may safely leave the decision with themselves. But—*was* this all?" added Richard: for an idea to the contrary had taken hold of him. "You have no personal objection to Bessy?"

"Certainly it was all," was Mrs. Cumberland's reply. "As to any personal objection to Bessy, that I could never have. When Oliver first told me they were engaged, I thought how lucky he was to get Bessy North; I wished them success with all my heart."

"Forgive me, Mrs. Cumberland. Thank you. Good morning."

Reassured, Richard North turned, and strode hastily away in the direction of Dallory. He fancied she had heard Bessy would have no fortune, and was feeling disappointed on her son's account. It struck him that he might as well confirm this; and he wheeled round.

Mrs. Cumberland had gone on and was already seated on the bench before spoken of, in the shady part of the road. Richard, in a few concise words, entering into no details of any sort, said to her that his sister would have no marriage portion.

"*That* I have long taken as a matter of course; knowing what the expenses at the Hall must be," she answered with a friendly smile. "Bessy is a fortune in herself; she would make a good wife to any man. Provided they have sufficient for comfort—and I hope Oliver will soon be making that—they can be as happy without wealth as with it, if your sister can only think so. Have you—pardon me for recalling to you what must be an unpleasant topic, Richard—have you yet gained any clue to the writer of that anonymous letter?"

"Not any. It presents mystery on all sides."

"Mystery?"

"As it seems to me. Going over the various attendant circumstances, as I do on occasion when I can get a minute to myself, I try to fit one probability into another, and I cannot compass it. We must trust to time, Mrs. Cumberland. Good morning."

Richard raised his hat, and left her. She sat on with her pain. With her pain. Mrs. Cumberland was as strictly rigid a woman in tenets as in temperament; her code of morality was a severe one. Over and over again had she asked herself whether (it is of no use to mince the matter any longer) Oliver had or had not written that anonymous letter which had killed Edmund North: and she could not answer. But, if he had done it, why then surely he ought not to wed the sister. It would be little less than sin.

Since this secret trouble had been upon her, more than a month now, her face had seemed to have assumed a grayer tinge. How gray it looked now, as she sat on the bench, passers-by saw, and almost started at. One of them was Mr. Alexander. Arresting his quick steps—he always walked as though running a race—he inquired after her health.

"Not any better and not much worse," she answered. "Complaints, such as mine, are always tediously prolonged."

"They are less severe to bear, however, than sharper ones," said the doctor, willing to administer a grain of comfort if he could. "What a lovely day it is! And Madam's off for a couple of months I hear."

Have the two any connection, Mr. Alexander?"

"I don't know," he said, laughing. "Her presence makes winter at the Hall, and her absence its sunshine. If I had such a wife, I'm not sure that I should think it any sin to give her an over-dose of laudanum some day, out of regard to the general peace. Did you hear of her putting Miss Bessy's wrist out?"

"No!"

"She did do it, then. Something sent her into a passion with Miss Bessy; she caught her hand and flung it away so violently that the wrist began to swell. I was sent for to bind it up. Why such women are allowed to live, I can't imagine."

"I suppose because they are not fit to die," said Mrs. Cumberland. "When are you leaving?"

"Sometime in July, I think. Or during August. I enter on my new post the 1st of September, so there's no hurry."

Mrs. Cumberland rose and continued her slow way homewards. Passing her own house, she entered that of her son. Dr. Rane was engaged with a patient, so she went to the dining-room and waited.

He came in shortly, perhaps thinking it might be another patient, his face bright. It fell a little when he saw his mother. Her visits to him were so exceedingly rare that some instinct whispered him nothing pleasant had brought her there. She rose and faced him.

"Oliver, is it true what I hear—that you are shortly to be married?"

"I suppose it is, mother," was his answer.

"But—is there no impediment that should bar it?" she asked in a whisper.

"Well—as to waiting, I may wait to the end, and not find the skies rain gold. If Bessy's friends see no risk in it, it is not for me to see it. At any rate this will be a more peaceful home for her than the Hall."

"I am not talking of waiting,—or of gold,—or of risk. Oliver," she continued solemnly, placing both her hands on his arm, "is there nothing on your mind that ought to bar this marriage; is your conscience at rest? If—wait and let me speak, my son; I understand what you would say; what you have already told me—that you were innocent—and I know that I ought to believe you. But a doubt flashes up in my mind continually, Oliver; it is not my fault; truth knows my will is good to bury it, forever. Bear with me a moment; I must speak. If the death of Edmund North lies at your door, however indirectly it was caused, to make his sister your wife will be a thing altogether wrong; little less than a sin in the sight of heaven. I do not accuse you, Oliver; I suggest this as a possible case; and now I leave it with you for your own reflection. Oh, my son, believe me—for it seems to me as though I spoke with a prophet's inspiration this day! If your conscience tells you that you were not innocent, to bring Bessy North home to this roof will be wrong, and I think no blessing will rest upon it."

She was gone. Before Oliver Rane in his surprise could answer a word, Mrs. Cumberland was gone. Passing swiftly out at the open window, she stepped across the garden and the dwarf wire-fence, and so entered her own home. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Singular Remedy.

Whenever Burke found himself indisposed, he ordered a kettle of water to be kept boiling, of which he drank large quantities, sometimes as much as four or even five quarts in a morning, without any mixture or infusion, and as hot as he could bear. His manner was to pour about a pint at a time into a basin, and to drink it with a spoon, as if it had been soup. Warm water, he said, would relax and nauseate, but hot water was the finest stimulant and most powerful restorative in the world. He certainly thought it a sovereign cure for every complaint; and not only took it himself, but prescribed it with the confidence of a Sangrado to every patient that came in his way.

☞ The women's regatta, at Pittsburg, Pa., is to come off on Saturday, July 16. Four young girls have entered for the race, and two others are thinking of doing so. Folly.

☞ A young lady living in Cincinnati has hair of rather a red cast, and has been in the habit for a year past of using hair dye. A short time since her arms, hands and part of her body were paralyzed. Her physician found her scalp one black crust of sores. The poison in the dye had mingled with her blood. She is recovering, but will lose the use of her right arm and hand. So much for Hair Die!

☞ Two young ladies in Hampton, N. H., are said to have become insane on account of religious excitement. One similar case is reported in Portsmouth.

☞ George William Frederick Villiers, K. G. C. B. P. C., Third Earl of Clarendon, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, died on Sunday last, suddenly, aged 71. His father was the late Hon. George Villiers, and his uncle was the Second Earl Clarendon, on whose death, in 1838, he succeeded to the title.

☞ NOTICE.—To any one who can say, "Shoes and socks shock Susan," with rapidity and faultless pronunciation, four times running, a large reward will be paid.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $75. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

THE PURITAN FATHERS.

We have done our share of making innocent fun of the Bostonians, and our share also we hope of giving praise to the many gifted inhabitants of the American Athens. And now they deserve a fresh tribute of praise at our hands, for manifesting a disposition to welcome the truth even when it bears against their own ancestral fame. In the July number of "OLD AND NEW," a Magazine recently commenced by that enterprising and intelligent firm, the Roberts Brothers, we find an article on "*The Quakers in New England*" by R. P. Hallowell. This article admits that the Puritans were not friends of religious liberty, and also that the persecution of the Quakers was based upon the alleged heterodoxy of their religious principles, and not upon anything wrong in their behavior—facts which historical records prove beyond denial. Mr. Hallowell says:—

Of all the popular notions regarding the Puritans, none are less warranted by history than that which credits them with a love or regard for religious liberty. Whatever their virtues in other directions, in matters of religion they were dogmatic, bigoted, and intolerant. Their fanaticism was unbounded; and, in opposition to the prevalent theory, that Puritan fanaticism, as manifested in the persecution of the Quakers, was developed by Quaker extravagances, we think it can be shown that Quaker fanaticism was largely due to Puritan persecution. * *

As soon as the Quakers arrived, they were maltreated, and others followed only to receive still harsher treatment. They were goaded on to acts of defiance, and some of them were frenzied by the horrible and inhuman torture inflicted upon them. Women were tied to carts, and publicly whipped; the bodies of men were mutilated; they were robbed of their possessions, their meetings were dispersed, and they were hunted down as wild beasts. Hatred and fear of Quakerism not only inspired the laws, but prompted these atrocious deeds of the Puritans. * * * * *

The fanaticism of New England Quakers has been so long taken for granted, that a mere reference to these people is suggestive of violence, indecency, and rant; but that it is over-estimated and exaggerated is evident from all the reliable information we have upon the subject. The custom is to judge the entire body of Quakers by the action of a few exceptional cases; and we are gravely asked to believe that Mary Dyer was hung in Boston because Lydia Wardwell appeared in the town of Newbury without her garments. The fact that this event occurred *after* the execution of Mary Dyer is of trifling importance to the zealous defenders of the Founders.

That the Puritan Fathers were men of great energy, integrity, and love of what they deemed to be the Truth of God, no one can fairly deny. That they hated, however, even the very name of Toleration, is just as undeniable. In this respect thy did not stand even in the front rank of the age in which they lived—while the Quaker Fathers did.

So far as New England was concerned, the advocates of Civil and Religious Liberty were outside of the Puritan churches. It was the "irreligious" people, so called, who murmured against the scourging of Quaker

women, and the selling of Quaker children into slavery. It was "godless" sea-captains who refused to transport these children to Barbadoes, there to be sold as slaves, in accordance with the decree of the allied Church and State.

Not because we would bring shame upon New England, but because Truth is Truth, and for the great value of the lesson it teaches, should these undoubted facts be known. That lesson is, that men may believe with the utmost sincerity that they are "the godly," and that they are doing God service, and yet be utterly mistaken, and be really doing the works of the devil. Earnest and sincere religious feeling is so apt to run into spiritual pride, and from that into narrowness and uncharitableness, that these lessons, of which history is full, require to be often held up before the eyes of men.

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

It is disgraceful that in a large city like Philadelphia, we should hear every summer recommendations from the authorities to be careful in the use of water, lest the supply should become exhausted.

If Philadelphia were situated ten miles from any large stream, such a deficient water supply would argue a want of good sense and due regard for health and comfort in its inhabitants—but here we are, between two rivers, one of them a mile wide and proportionately deep, and yet we have not a full supply of water.

The supply should be such that, in the summer months especially, constant streams from the hydrants could be kept flowing through every street, large and small. The authorities should advise everybody to let their hydrants run frequently, to water the streets, to bathe, to let the streams of the cooling, cleansing, health-preserving fluid, which the Creator has given in such abundance, flow in all directions—washing away impurity and disease, and cooling the heated air.

In this nineteenth century of Christendom, we might at least equal heathen Rome or Mormon Salt Lake, in this respect.

Last year we had a drought which lessened somewhat the volume of the Schuylkill. But there was fifty times as much water in the channel as was needed, even then—while the Delaware was not greatly diminished. The authorities have had a whole year to provide against another drought—but are they prepared?

We want water—not by driblets, and measured out to us in some official teacup—but water in an overflowing stream, to waste, to wet the streets with, to bathe in, to let run from the hydrants with discretion, and, in our hot summers, without discretion. And we shall not waste money, by providing water in such plenty—for sickness and disease are far more expensive things, to say nothing of their pain and death.

THE CITY NOMINATIONS.

The City Democracy have made their nominations—and they are, on the whole, about equal to those made by the Republicans. We doubt that a fair ticket could be made up out of both sets.

Can we not now have a set of independent nominations, composed about equally of good men of both parties, for all the offices with the exception of Congressmen? Let the Union League appoint a Committee, which, in conjunction with as many prominent Democrats, shall nominate an Independent Ticket, made up in part of the regular nominations, and where these fail, of new men. Is not such an experiment worth trying? We cannot be worse off than we are, even should such a ticket not succeed at the polls; and we should at least have the consolation of voting for good men.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LADY OF THE ICE. A Novel. By JAMES DE MILLE, author of "The Dodge Club Abroad," "Cord and Creese," etc. With Illustrations by C. G. Bush. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

VIVIAN GREY. A Novel. By the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, author of "Lothair," "Venetia," "Henrietta Temple," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

PROTECTION TO NATIVE INDUSTRY. By Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart., author of "Ten Chapters on Social Reform." Published by Edward Stanford, 6 and 7 Charing Cross, London; and also for sale by Henry Carey Baird, Industrial Publisher, 406 Walnut street, Philada. Price $1 50, sent by mail free of postage to any part of the United States.

AMERICAN WOMANHOOD; its Peculiarities and Necessities. By JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D., Physician-in-Chief of "Our Home on the Hill-side," and author of "How to Treat the Sick without Medicines," etc. Published by Austin, Jackson & Co., Dansville, Livingston Co., New York; and also for sale by Oakley, Mason & Co., 21 Murray street, New York City.

☞THE PRESENT AND LONG-CONTINUED STAGNATION OF TRADE: Its causes, effects, and cure. Being a sequel to "An inquiry into the commercial position of Great Britain," &c. By a Manchester Man. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Published by John Heywood, Manchester; and also by Henry Carey Baird, Industrial Publisher, 406 Walnut street, Philada. Price 10 cents; sent by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States.

GOOD HEALTH. The July number has been received from the publisher, A. Moore, Boston.

THE OLD GUARD. Dr. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, Editor. This magazine for July contains "Under Suspicion," "Accepting the Situation," "Why They Shave in India," &c. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co.," New York.

APPLETONS' RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. For July. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Persons who intend travelling will find the best and most reliable information in these guide-books, which are published semi-monthly.

PUNCHINELLO. Published by the Punchinello Publishing Co., 83 Nassau street, New York. Contains a fair amount of funny things.

Homeward from the Pacific Coast.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, June 27th, 1870.

Once more I sit writing in my beloved *sanctum* of old. The threads of home life have been taken up so readily and easily that I am inclined sometimes to wonder if it be not a dream that they have been parted at all. Yet the dream is and must remain a most vivid one, forming an era in my life. As I glance back over the varied events of the past year, I can conjure up at will a series of the most wonderfully fascinating panoramic views; and these shall be retained in my mind's eye as lasting mementoes of the reality of my sojourn in the golden land.

Just at present my homeward journey rises uppermost, clamoring for especial consideration. If when outward bound I was roused to enthusiasm, through all that I saw and experienced, for the great overland route that binds together our great continent from Atlantic to Pacific shores, that enthusiasm was certainly increased tenfold by the return trip. Perhaps there was less of that thrilling, breathless excitement that overwhelmed me whilst passing day after day through such a succession of hitherto unrealized, uncomprehended marvels, but there was undoubtedly infinitely more of quiet, intense enjoyment and appreciation. Before I was impressed chiefly by the mighty whole, now I was more inclined and prepared to study the parts—and there is very much to see and ponder upon.

I took the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad at Colfax, one hundred and ninety-two miles northeast of San Francisco—the nearest railway station to Grass Valley, Friday, May 27th, at 5 P. M., and travelling day and night, reached Cincinnatti, where I had made arrangements to stop a week with relatives before returning to Philadelphia—the following Thursday at 9 A. M. As I entered the carriage which was to bear me to my destination, I found myself far less weary than I had been the morning of the second day. My friends told me this was because I was so benumbed with fatigue that I had ceased to feel, but I was myself inclined to believe that the fact arose through my being so thoroughly buoyed up with excitement as well as invigorated by the constant change of air. Besides the luxurious comforts of the "Pulman" and "Silver Palace" cars rather bid defiance to the fatigue of travel.

Everywhere along the route I found excellent accommodations for meals, for, preferring the change of getting off the train at the stations, I had not taken passage upon the "Pullman Hotel Express." One fails to find, it is true, those meals which "would tickle the palate of an epicurean" of which the guide books tell, but good, substantial fare can be found alike in tent-house upon the desert and rude frame building on the Sierras and Rocky Mountains, averaging at all events far above the meals offered at the way stations along our older Eastern roads. Then, too, plenty of time was allowed us to eat in peace and take exercise around and about the platform before the "all aboard" recalled us to our places. Many a pleasant promenade I thus had with my fellow passengers during the journey.

The first point of interest after taking the cars at Colfax is the celebrated Cape Horn. It is about this place that dear "Betsey Ann" of the Boston party, in her letters to "Aunt Jerusha," published in the Grass Valley Union, grows so hopelessly confused. She says: "Then we came to Cape Horn, famous before the days of steam navigation for the multitude of shipwrecks and stranded vessels. I couldn't understand exactly how this was; but 'pa' said ships sailed up the American river before the discovery of gold, and many were lost by snow-slides, and their crews were often terribly frost-bitten by grizzly bears." Poor Betsey Ann, poor Boston party, with its fifty millions so far from the Hub, I don't wonder their brains grew muddled!

But to return to facts. At Cape Horn the train passes around an abrupt curve on the very brink of a precipice overlooking a gulch 2,500 feet below, through which flows a branch of the North Fork of the American river. The bridge spanning the stream looks like a dark speck from our giddy height; the dashing, foaming river itself like the veriest thread of a stream, and yet it is upwards of a hundred feet in width. Previously I had driven down a decidedly precipitous road leading from Colfax to the river level, and there gazed upward to the bluff, bold cliff, filled with wonder and awe. How ever human mind could have conceived the possibility of opening a path here and at other startling points of the Sierras almost exceeds comprehension. The name of the large-minded engineer who first planned the great work, Theodore D. Judah, should never be forgotten by those who profit by the result of the undertaking. It seems indeed sad that this energetic, persevering man did not live to witness the final completion of the road his genius originated, and whose practical possibility he so earnestly, amidst such numerous obstacles, advocated.

As we passed in review the mining claims about Gold Run and Dutch Flat, obtaining also an extensive view along the Great Blue Lead in the direction of You Bet, Red Dog, and the other mining towns of similarly attractive cognomens, I became quite absorbed in responding to the questions of two of the ladies of the party I had joined regarding hydraulic and tunnel mining on these gravel claims. In narrating to them all that I have already imparted to my "Post" friends, and much more, I found protection from the growing sadness caused by the parting from dear friends with whom for a year I had lived in the closest union. The misery of this wandering up and down the earth is that those of us who have hearts will form attachments that cause sad partings even when we are going forth to rejoin dear ones at home.

Next the Great American canon burst upon us, where for two miles we skirt the very brink of the precipitous mountain wall, between which and the opposite wall foams the river two thousand feet below us. Then we speed through the majestic Blue Canon, and those who have never made the trip before, wonder over the giant pines that scale the heights and the constant repetition of startling gorges and fantastic curves; whilst one and all are entranced by the surrounding splendor and the etherial blue spread over immense distances and now heightened by fast deepening twilight.

Before we reached Cisco it was dark night, and I had no cause to grumble as I had done going West at snow-shed or tunnel, for as it was not moonlight, without them I should have seen nothing. For 48 miles there is a continuous succession of snow-sheds and tunnels so closely connected, that by night especially it is impossible to tell where we leave a tunnel and enter the snow-sheds, and *vice versa*. The longest tunnel upon the route, that at the summit, is 1,700 feet in length, the others range from 100 to 700 feet. During the night as we were gliding smoothly along through this covered passage I could hear the rushing of a mighty mass overhead, and knew that vast avalanches were sweeping down the mountain sides and being precipitated over the sloping roofs into the chasms below. I lay safely ensconced in my sleeping-berth, and listening to the singular noise, and smiling to myself at the spoken queries around me as to whether the mysterious sound proceeded from rain, hail or what, I soon fell asleep.

Morning found us near the "sink" of the Humboldt, well underway in the alkali regions. We had lost during the dark hours such glimpses as are vouchsafed to us by daylight of the Donner Lake and all the lonely Truckee meadows and valley. Then we passed all day through the country where flows that mysterious Humboldt river, of which I remember making especial mention in one of my "Going West" letters, reaching the "Wells" amongst which it has its origin toward half past nine in the evening. Eternal sage brush, grease-wood and bunch-grass surrounded us, growing rankly in this gleaming alkali soil, but it was curious to mark the effects of cultivation and irrigation even here in the vegetable gardens and the grain and fruit patches that have sprung up about many of the stations.

The most interesting feature of this day's journey was the passage through the Humboldt canon or Palisades. Many striking points of the yet snow-capped Humboldts had before greeted us, but here as we steamed along the narrow defile between the bleak, barren walls raging from five hundred to one thousand five hundred feet in height, that seemed constantly threatening to close upon us, and the swift flowing, seething river—counter to whose current we were dashing—close by our track, we found a gloomy grandeur that was matchless. At many of the stations where we stopped this day, we were beset with Indians, chiefly the Piutes, attacking us with piteous cries for "two bites." They are a squalid, miserable looking set, more repulsive, if possible, than the California "Diggers," and very helpless and harmless in appearance.

During that second night we steamed on through the Great American Desert, and before morning dawned had passed the Promontory Point and all the glorious view of the Great Salt Lake afforded from that vicinity. But the vast inland sea burst upon us with its calm splendor near Corine. The early morning tints were shed upon the surrounding mountains, and the entire scene was one of indescribable beauty. Then at Ogden, just eight hundred and eighty-two miles from San Francisco, and one thousand and thirty-two from Omaha, came the terminus of the Central Pacific. We made here our first change of cars, and so here endeth the first chapter.

AUBER FORESTIER.

☞ In the recent debate on the Education Bill, in the English House of Commons, Mr. Pakington proposed the reading of the Bible to form part of the daily exercises. Messrs. Foster and Hardy opposed the amendment, which was lost, by a vote of 61 to 250.

☞ In Queen Victoria's crown there are 1363 brilliant diamonds, 1273 rose diamonds, and 147 table diamonds, 1 large ruby, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 small rubies, and 277 pearls—a total of 2186 precious stones.

☞ A jealous St. Louis youth the other day threw stones at his successful rival as he was entering the church to be married to the lady whom both loved.

☞ RACE WITH A LOCOMOTIVE.—The train started and left an Irish laborer behind, who was going a distance to work. The engine went slowly puffing along, but increased in puffs as well as speed, while Michael started to overtake it. A brother Irishman who was on the platform, watching the race, sung out in great glee, to encourage Michael, "Put in—stick to'r—sho's breathing quicker and quicker all the time."

☞ By a curious coincidence, five names on one page (four consecutively) in the Norwich city directory for 1870 read; Slack Thomas, Slow George, Sly John, Small Nathan, and Smart Mary.

☞ In the last ten years, the New York Express declares the Indian wars have cost the country one hundred and eighty million dollars. The Utah Indian war of 1853 cost forty million dollars. In New Mexico the Navajo campaign cost thirty million dollars; the Seminole war fifty thousand dollars, and the wars on the Pacific, since white settlements were established in California and Oregon, not less than three hundred million dollars.

☞ CINCINNATI, June 29.—Six children were badly poisoned in this city yesterday by eating the seed-balls of the jimpson weeds. One of them will probably die.

☞ Thomas Scott, a member of the first Congress, in a speech made in 1790, speaking of the Africans, said: "Congress may at pleasure declare them contraband goods, and so prohibit them altogether." This is ahead of Gen. Butler's time. See Hildreth's History, vol. 4, page 195,

☞ At a jumping match in Binghampton, one of the competitors jumped twelve feet and ten and a quarter inches, which is said to be the biggest jump on record.

☞ Nathaniel Lyon, who fell at Wilson's creek, at the head of his little army, in the first year of the war for the Union, lies buried at Eastford, Connecticut, his native place, without a stone to mark his grave. We are gratified to say, however, that efforts are now being made to erect a monument to his memory.

☞ Dr. Cabarrus, whose death has attracted some attention, was a very witty man, and several of his *bon mots* are now floating about the Paris press. On one occasion he was called to attend a very pretty actress, and after duly feeling her pulse and looking at her tongue he pronounced that marriage was the only cure. "You are single, are you not, my dear doctor?" she asked. "Yes, madam, but doctors only prescribe remedies, they do not take them," was the rejoinder.

☞ At Quincy, Illinois, one day last week, a small boy swam four miles for $5.

☞ Modern Greek fire is a solution of phosphorus in bisulphide of carbon. When this solution is poured on paper, rags, or shavings, the bisulphide evaporates rapidly and leaves the phosphorus in a state of very fine division, so fine that it takes fire spontaneously. Greek fire furnishes the means of performing a very pretty lecture-room experiment, but as an incendiary agent it is worthless, for the simple reason that it does not set fire to even the thinnest and driest boards. The phosphorus in burning produces a fusible and non-volatile compound, and this glazes over all objects in its vicinity, and protects them from the action of the flames.

☞ Mrs. Dickens survives her husband. She has lived apart from him, comfortably maintained from his means, for several years. He leaves two daughters, one married to Charles Collins, brother of Wilkie Collins, the novelist, and several sons, the eldest married and already dabbling in literature, one in Australia, one in the navy, and one winning high honors in the University. Of his many friends Mr. John Forster, the biographer of Goldsmith, was the most intimate. Unlike many literary men, he was a man of method. He kept his own accounts with a precision that denoted the nicest mathematical accuracy, and a more industrious man never lived. Refusing titles and high honors, he amassed large wealth, and died as he was born—Charles Dickens.

☞ When Hawthorne was in England he once dined with Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton), who told him that he owned the land in Yorkshire whence some of the pilgrims of the *Mayflower* emigrated to Plymouth, and that Elder Brewster was postmaster of the village. He also said that in the next voyage of the *Mayflower*, after she carried the pilgrims, she was employed in transporting a cargo of slaves from Africa to the West Indies.

☞ An English paper says the latest wrinkle of fashion in New York is the wearing of diamonds set in the teeth.

☞ Boston is to apply the electrical mode of lamp-lighting to about one hundred street lamps as an experiment.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2200 head. The prices realized from 9½@9¾ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 50 ₩ head. Sheep—2400 head were disposed of at from 5¼@6¼c ₩ lb. 3500 Hogs sold at from $11,00 to 12,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH, with 4000 changes in spelling the name, sent prepaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address C. T. WADE, 219 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. je25-1t

Interesting to Ladies.

"We have had a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in nearly constant use in our family for ten years. During all that time it has been in perfect working order and has done a large amount of work. With the exception of twelve cents for a thread-spring cap to replace one lost, it has never cost anything for repairs."—*D. Langworthy, Mystic Bridge, Ct.*

Glittering Teeth.

Not only does SOZODONT impart the whiteness of the purest porcelain to the teeth, but its polish, too. They glisten after being brushed with it, like the inner surface of an ocean shell, and the effect of this peerless dentrifice is to render the enamel as hard and indestructible as adamant.

Save and mend the pieces, use "SPALDING'S GLUE."

Early Morn.

Thousands of both sexes in this country, awake every morning languid, unrefreshed, and devoid of all inclination for breakfast. No matter from what cause these indescribable feelings may proceed, their best and quickest remedy will be found in a dose of PLANTATION BITTERS. The beneficial effect is immediate. The stomach at once responds to the genial influence of the preparation, and a reserve of latent vitality, which only required the awakening agency of this potent invigorant to render it active, is brought into play. Of all appetizers it is the most infallible, and the impulse which it imparts to the digestive functions soon puts dyspepsia to flight.

From SEA MOSS FARINE may be made Blanc Mange, Light-house Pudding, Long Branch Pudding, Farine Cream, Cream Cakes, Farine Pies and Custards, Ice Cream, Soups, Gravies, &c., &c.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan on the face use PERRY'S "MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known for removing brown discolorations. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists in Philadelphia and elsewhere. jy2-tf

The Prettiest Woman in New York Miss K——, well known in our fashionable society for her *distingue* appearance and beautiful complexion, was once a sallow, rough-skinned girl, chagrined at her red, freckled face. She pitched into Hagan's Magnolia Balm, and is now as pretty in complexion as she is charming in manners. This article overcomes freckles, tan, sallowness, moth-patches, ring-marks, etc., and makes one look ten years younger than they are. Magnolia Balm for a transparent complexion, and Lyon's Kathairon to make the hair plentiful, luxuriant, soft; and delicate, have no rivals. The Kathairon prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the best and cheapest dressing in the world. jy6-3t

"Skin Diseases." "Swayne's Ointment."

A sovereign remedy for all skin diseases, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Army Itch, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Blotches, Barber's Itch, Ringworm, Itching Piles, &c. No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail for 60 cents, postage paid. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 6th st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. je25-cow1t

YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Theoretical and Practical Musicians and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Harp, Organ, Guitar and desiring further information will please apply for circular to the Principal of Yale Seminary, Music Yale London Co., Conn.

Music Yale Seminary

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains NO LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. sp16-3m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try It. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Frost St., New York.

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

Health's Best Defence.

"The weak eateth herbs," says St. Paul, so that eighteen hundred years ago the value of medicinal plants was appreciated. In the Old Testament botanical remedies are repeatedly recommended, but in no passage of sacred history is man recommended to swallow calomel, or blue pill, or any other mineral preparation. The sick were directed to eat herbs to strengthen them, to purify them, to heal them, to restore them. In that day the art of making vegetable extracts was unknown. The herbal medicines were mere infusions.

It was reserved for a later age to unite the sanitary essences of tonic, aperient and anti-bilious roots, barks, and plants, with an active stimulant, and thus secure their rapid diffusion through the debilitated or disordered system. The crowning triumph of this effective mode of concentrating and applying the virtues of medicinal vegetables was achieved in the production of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Never before had a perfectly pure alcoholic stimulant been combined with the expressed juices of the finest specifics of the vegetable kingdom. Never yet, though eighteen years have elapsed since its introduction, has this great restorative been equalled. It is taken at all seasons, in all climes, as the most potent safeguard against epidemics, as a protection against all unhealthy exhalations that produce debility or beget disease; as a remedy for intermittent and other malarious fevers; as an appetizer; as a sovereign cure for dyspepsia; as a general tonic and invigorant; as a gentle, painless aperient; as a blood depurent; as a nervine; as a cure for bilious affections; as a harmless anodyne; and as the *best defence of health* under unfavorable circumstances, such as sedentary pursuits, undue bodily or mental exertion, hardship, privation and exposure. jy2-6t

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 126 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st of June, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. WILLIAM S. SCHELWELL to Miss ISABELLA L. FOAR, both of Chester, Pa.

On the 21st of June, by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D. D., Mr. ABRAHAM DE HART, Jr., to Miss HARRIET HULINGS, both of this city.

On the 23d of June, by the Rev. J. B. Hutchinson, Mr. ALBERT B. EMERY to Miss JENNIE VICKERY, both of this city.

On the 23d of June, by the Rev. Robert J. Carson, Mr. ROBERT W. B. KING to Miss MATTIE H. METZ, both of this city.

On the 23d of June, by the Rev. J. Harvey Beale, ARTHUR KING to MARY A. SQUIER, both of this city.

On the 7th of June, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. SAMUEL MCKENNAN to Miss MARY A. SONGSTER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of June, SOLOMON ROCKHILL, in his 76th year.

On the 27th of June, MARY, wife of Wm. Lentz, in her 61st year.

On the 25th of June, EMMA LOUISA, wife of Thos. M. Peirce, in her 28th year.

On the 23th of June, HENRY D. MEARS, in his 41st year.

On the 23th of June, THOMAS LEAVITT, Sr., in his 71st year.

On the 23th of June, MARGARET SHELTON, in her 23th year.

On the 25th of June, Mrs. ELIZABETH HUMPHREYS, in her 69th year.

On the 25th of June, PHOEBE C., wife of Saml. W. Evans, in her 49th year.

On the 24th of June, Miss ELEANOR BURK, in her 41st year.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

ADOWN THE RIVER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MISS LOU. BROWNSON.

Adown the long river I float
So close to the flowery shore,
That beautiful blossoms drop into my boat,
And golden sunbeams from their fountain remote
Sift down through the boughs that bend o'er.

The lilies that rock in the tide
Exhale an aroma divine—
The crystalline waters that glimmer and glide,
Remember the chill of the lone mountain-side,
Where jasmine and ivy entwine.

The trees shake their leaves in the wind,
The shadows are dancing below—
My vine-covered home in the distance behind
Is slipping away like a dream from the mind,
As down the lone river I go.

Afar in the vagueness ahead
The river flows into the sky—
A glimmer of gold on an emerald bed,
A violet curtain with fringes of red,
The haven to which I would hie.

But oh! how my gossamer-god
Keeps floating away and away—
Afar, still afar do the bright billows roll
Against the blue sky, as if each had the soul
Of a lily to spirit away.

I know that I never shall moor
My bark in that haven remote,
But still I will sail by this beautiful shore,
And dream of the Eden that's flitting before,
As down the long river I float.

How the Wind Blows in Barbados.

The 10th of October, 1780, was a day famous in the history of Barbados, on account of a terrible hurricane which devastated the island for three days, involving the loss of life and property to a fearful extent, and which was yearly commemorated by special religious services almost up to the 11th of August, 1831, when another similar scourge, far more disastrous in its consequences, though Providentially shorter in its duration, swept over the Atlantic Ocean, carrying death and destruction in its course.

The season had been usually favorable to vegetation; and on the evening of Wednesday the 10th of August, the sun set on as fair and verdant a landscape as it is possible to conceive of; but on the morning of the 11th it rose on a scorched and blasted wilderness, such as no pen can adequately portray. Far as the eye could range, neither a house nor a tree could be seen, save as their ruins marked the course of the storm. Corn-fields and cane-patches which the evening before were rich in all the beauty of tropical luxuriance, were brown and and withered as though burned by fire.

I was a young man then, not twenty years of age, and was on a visit to a planter, who, with two elderly maiden sisters, resided on his estate about ten miles from Bridgetown, the capital of the island. The house, two stories high, with a frontage of about eighty feet, was built of the limestone peculiar to the country, the walls being three to four feet in thickness. The basement consisted of a dining-room, about forty feet long, with veranda in front, facing the north; at the eastern extremity was a billiard-room; and at the western side were the drawing-room and entrance-hall, from which rose the staircase, leading to a corridor the whole length of the house, with the bedrooms on either side; and at the back were a harness-room and coach-house, over the former of which was a spare bedroom with paper of a bluish pattern, from which circumstance it was called the Blue room; above this, again, was a store-room, in which all the choice liquors—old rum, brandy, wines, bottled ale, &c.—were deposited. I give this description of the premises, because it is necessary for understanding subsequent portions of this narrative; and I should add that, while this Blue Room communicated with the other portion of the house inside, there was also a stone flight of steps outside, leading to the passage through which you had to pass in order to get to the store-room.

We retired to our rooms about ten o'clock. *Snow*, an English dog belonging to my friend, something between a foxhound and a terrier, followed me into my room—a thing she had never done before. Having tucked my mosquito-curtain securely round my bed, I lay down—but not to sleep. It soon began to rain heavily, and thundered and lightened. About midnight, I was startled by *Snow* springing bang through the mosquito-net on to the bed. I kicked her off; but in about ten minutes after she made another bound through a different part of the curtain; and at the same time I became conscious of a most strange noise mingling with the increasing roar of the rain on the wooden shingles of the roof, and the howling of the wind, and the booming of the thunder. (I may as well state here that this gong-like sound was occasioned by some sheet-copper, loosened from a portion of the roof, flapping against the side of the house.) Hurling the dog to the other end of the room, I sprang out of bed in alarm, and thought of arousing my host, to ascertain what this horrible din could mean, for I began to suspect that a hurricane was brewing. Accordingly, I dressed myself; but concluding that the other inmates of the house must be aware of all that was occurring, and fearing lest I should be laughed at next day for having been unnecessarily frightened, I again lay down, though with my clothes on, ready against any emergency. Till about three o'clock, I thus remained in terror, reproaching myself for having so ruthlessly repelled the poor animal, whose instinct had prompted her to give me warning of approaching danger, when my host came to the door and advised me to get up, as the window-shutters of the dining-room were nearly all blown in, and the principal door was also burst open.

I lost no time in going down, and found the whole household at work with hammers and nails, trying to secure the shutters and door; but all in vain. The dining-table and chairs, and the heavy billiard-table, were all huddled up together in one corner. My friend, on being asked if there were no more nails, told me he had some in his bedroom, and asked me to accompany him up-stairs, which I did; and just as we were about to leave his room, he said: 'I may as well lock the door, in case the wind should force the window in your room;' both chambers being at the eastern end of the corridor, and opposite each other. 'Strange!' said he; 'I cannot lock it. What can be the reason? It always locks so easily. You try.' 'It's of no use,' I said, after making several attempts; 'and I think we had better not stop here any longer.' 'Let me have one more try,' said he. 'No,' I exclaimed; 'I shall not remain any longer.' He begged me not to go. I do not know why, but I stubbornly refused, and moved along the corridor towards the staircase. Reluctantly, he followed; and he afterwards told me that he saw the whole of that portion of the house fall in as he reached the end of the passage. The wind now, however, drowned all other sounds. Just at that instant we met his sisters, and all the servants with their children, in all about twenty; and the two ladies at once suggested that we should take refuge in the Blue Room, as being, in their opinion, the strongest, though the oldest part of the building. We went to the Blue Room, and I was then asked to read from the Prayer-book; and bawling out at the top of my voice portions of service appointed to be read during a storm at sea, was suddenly brought to a stop by a crash overhead; and in a moment—the room not being ceiled—down came a torrent of choice wines, beer, and spirits on our heads. The roof over the store-room had gone, and part of the wall had fallen in upon the treasures beneath. But what now? All is suddenly hushed! Yes; the storm is over; we are delivered! Praises and thanksgivings were uttered by all. The wind had hitherto come from the north-east, and the window of our little room faced south-west. 'Sometimes,' my host remarked, 'the hurricane, after a pause, returns with redoubled fury from the opposite point. Let us take precautions.'

We fastened the shutters; and with the help of one of the blacks, I placed two large chests, filled with bed and table linen, one on the top of the other, against the door that opened on the steps from the outside. Twenty minutes have elapsed, when—hark! what is that? A sound that could only be compared to the howlings of all the Lost Souls burst upon our affrighted ears, and in an instant the window of our ark burst into the room; the door, which was opposite, was blown outwards, most providentially, for thus a free current was afforded to the blasts. The floor of the store-room above us was tilted up at the farthest extremity, as we discovered by the lightning. Mortar and rubbish were driven into our faces, and our eyes were blinded. A wild shriek of despair from the women, and a frantic rush pell mell for the door ensued. I shouted as loud as I could 'Come back!' and having lost their shawls and handkerchiefs off their heads, and not being able to see an inch before them, they unwillingly returned; and well for them they did, for as we discovered when day dawned, the inside staircase was gone.

All that I have narrated, thus far, occupied about half an hour; but for two hours and a half we stood in darkness, drenched with rain, and chilled to numbness by the wind, praying for help, but expecting death as inevitable from one moment to another. I placed myself as near the window as possible, resolved that when I found the room going, I would make one effort for dear life by jumping from the window. After a while, I became so far calm that I could look Death in the face without fear, and had my attention sufficiently drawn off from myself as to be conscious of what some of those in the room near me were saying. One poor creature repeated the Lord's Prayer over and over again; another recited the Creed; whilst a third most vociferously and earnestly reiterated passages from the Litany. At six o'clock the hurricane ceased, and the sun rose, and we hastened to escape from our perilous position, though, as we descended the steps on the side, we had to slide down on our haunches, it being even then impossible for us to stand against the force of the blast.

As we reached the little harness-room, which was underneath the Blue Room, a perfect cataract of rain fell for about half an hour, and then all was hushed, and we began to peer about but could not realize what we beheld—could not believe that the noble mansion of the day before was a heap of ruins—could not understand how it was that there were no trees to be seen; and when I ventured into the garden, and orchard, and neighboring fields, I found the ground strewed with fragments of spars, rafters, and beams, and studded with wooden shingles, many of them having been hurled high into the air, and dashed to the ground with such violence as to be embedded in it so firmly that I found it impossible to move them.

Poor *Snow* made her appearance about half an hour after we escaped. She was not hurt, but very much scared and bewildered. So thorough was the smash, that the bedstead I had slept on was never identified by so much as a splinter.

During the following days, we heard the reports from the different districts. Many rushed from their beds as the houses were falling. Two sisters, hand in hand, were struck down as they fled; in the morning, one found that the other was dead. Delicate women were picked up with their clothes literally torn from them by the violence of the wind. In Bridgetown, the scenes presented by the colored population, who are extremely demonstrative under excitement, were heart-rending, as they sought loved ones who were missing or buried under the ruins, for in those three hours one thousand seven hundred human beings perished. Hundreds of dwelling-houses were blown down. Not one escaped without damage. Out of thirteen stone churches, eleven were totally levelled with the ground. I say some with walls four feet thick lying in unbroken masses, cut down about four feet from the foundations. The vessels in the harbor were driven high and dry on shore. A piece of solid mahogany of about four cubic feet was carried from the quay over the roofs of houses, and lodged in the middle of the main street. The chests of linen that I placed against the door, were carried the entire length of the passage, about twelve feet, and one was jammed half-way up the staircase leading to the store-room; the other was deposited in the middle of the store-room floor.

In one spot you would perceive what had been an extensive tenement all in ruins, and beside it, within a few yards, still erect and without injury, some insignificant outbuilding; proving that in these tempests the wind does not blow straight from one point, but comes in a rapid succession of whirlwind, or tornados, as they are termed. I had further confirmation of this, in observing that trees which were not utterly destroyed, had their limbs twisted corkscrew fashion, such as the tamarind and mahogany trees. The cocoanut trees that flourish in these regions, and grow to the height of forty and fifty feet, were demolished by thousands; and the mountain cabbage, a still more majestic palm, reaching an altitude of ninety and a hundred feet, with a girth tapering from the root of three or four yards, was snapped, in many instances, a dozen feet from the ground, as though it had been a twig; whilst many a stately mango tree was prostrated, to say nothing of the other smaller arborets, such as the cashew, the bread-fruit, the plantans, and bananas.

One gentleman whom I knew, quitted his dwelling with his wife and four children, hand clasped in hand; but no sooner had they got outside the door, than they were all separated, and blown in different directions. At daybreak he began his search, and having first found his wife, they eventually came upon all the children, one after the other, all very cold and wet, but not otherwise injured. It is right to record that parliament voted one hundred thousand pounds for the relief of the sufferers. Had the storm continued with the same violence for three days, instead of three hours, there would not have been a soul left alive to tell "how the wind blows in Barbados."

THE SEED AND THE SOWERS.

Ever so little the seed may be,
Ever so little the hand,
But when it is sown it must grow you see,
And develop its nature, weed, flower or tree;
The sunshine, the air and the dew are free
At its command.

If the seed be good, we rejoice in hope
Of the harvest it will yield;
We wait and watch for its springing up,
Admire its growth, and count on the crop
That will come from the little seeds we drop
In the great wide field.

But if we heedlessly scatter wide
Seeds we may happen to find,
We care not for culture or what may betide,
We sow here and there on the highway side—
Whether they've lived or whether they've died
We never mind.

Yet every sower must one day reap
Fruit from the seed he has sown.
How carefully then it becomes us to keep
A watchful eye on the seed, and seek
To sow what is good, that we may not weep
To receive our own!

Social Honor.

Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct of the true lady or gentleman is often tried. For instance, one is a guest of a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is a sorrow in the house unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son, whose conduct is a shame and grief to his parents; sometimes a relative whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and there may be often bitter words spoken, and harsh recriminations. In any of these cases the guest is in honor bound to be blind and deaf, so far as people without are concerned. If a gentle word within can do any good, it may well be said; but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indelicacy and meanness almost unparalleled. Once in the sacred precincts of any home, admitted to its privacy, sharing its life, all that you see and hear is a sacred trust. It is as really contemptible to gossip of such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow the books and forget to return them.

☞ Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in his narrative of travels in "The Heart of the Continent," tells of an eccentric genius who improved on the old yarn to the effect that "the weather would have been colder if the thermometer had been longer," by saying that he had been where it was "so cold the thermometer got down off the nail!"

THE RETURN OF THE FLOWERS.

Ye flowers of the woodland so wild,
That grow without culture or plan,
Ye're fair to the eyes of the child,
Ye're dear to the heart of the man;
Like smiles on Earth's beautiful face,
Or gems on the garment of Spring,
A pleasure, a charm, and a grace,
Oh! sweet are the joys that ye bring.

If Nature, less kind to the year,
Would only, when centuries rolled,
Permit your fresh buds to appear
Arrayed in your azure or gold,
Whole nations, with grateful surprise,
Would swarm to the fields and the bowers,
And, gazing with reverent eyes,
Would sing "the return of the flowers."

Yet, blooms of the woodland so fair,
Our hearts shall not prize you the less,
Because you are free as the air
To all whom your presence can bless.
The night and the morning shall vie
In scattering their glories around,
The Night with the stars in her sky,
The Day with her flowers on the ground.

A Sængerfest Picnic.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY ZIG.

DEAR POST:—One day last week a pious-looking old gentleman with a plaster across his nose came to our house. He was an agent, a nursery-agent. He discoursed fruit trees and moral philosophy. He invited himself to dinner in our humble mansion. He told us what was going on in the world. We outside barbarians were talking among ourselves about going to the *Sængerfest* at Cincinnati. The pious-looking old agent with a plaster across the tip of his venerable nose overheard us. He kindly explained to us what the *Sængerfest* meant. Said he:

"*I'll* tell you what it is! It's a *Sing*, it's nothing but a *Sing!* The Germans all over the country meet together once a year and have a BIG SING! That's what it is. And they call it the *Sang Froid!*"

That was too much. Lettie tittered faintly, George winked, Mary went out into the kitchen to cut some bread, and your correspondent choked. Meanwhile the solemn old agent helped himself to the apple-sauce with his own honest knife, and ate on and talked on, in sublime unconsciousness that he had put his foot in it.

And now you know all about it. It *was* a big sing. A hall large enough to accommodate ten thousand people was built for the occasion. It was crowded to its utmost capacity every evening of the festival, while ten thousand people more waited outside. The Mayor of Cincinnati gave orders to the police not to arrest anybody merely for being intoxicated while the *Fest* lasted. Our German friends came to Cincinnati in crowds and crowds, and enjoyed themselves. Our American friends enjoyed themselves too. Old Cincinnati was festooned and decorated from top to toe, more beautifully than she had ever been since her existence began, with flags, flowers, evergreens and mottoes, and everything else pretty and attractive. And what is better than all, complete, inexhaustible good-nature reigned supreme.

They closed this Great National American German Sængerfest with a huge picnic, twelve miles below Cincinnati, on the Ohio shore, in a delightful wood, known as "Short's Grove."

And that Picnic is what I am talking about.

I never saw such a crowd in my life. I never saw so much beer before. I never saw so many good-natured, happy people, all at one time. I never saw so much plain, sensible, comfortable clothing at a picnic. I never saw so little snobbishness, so little attempt at silly display. And finally, almost the only persons whom I saw intoxicated were two or three Americans, my own graceful, gallant, gifted, grandiose fellow-countrymen, who staggered about, talking with supreme contempt about "the—(an emphatic adjective) Dutch." Which made me feel so proud of my gallant fellow-countrymen, you know.

It would be craziness to attempt any mere guess at the number of people who went to that Sængerfest Picnic. They were variously estimated as counting up anywhere from twenty to fifty thousand. I don't know anything about it for myself. The crowd was so tremendous that I should be afraid to guess. They were of all ages and complexions. They were also of all weights and sizes, from a loaf of German rye-bread to a barrel and a half of flour.

The picnic was a grand ovation to King Beer. There was beer on the tables, beer in the trees, beer in glasses, and beer in barrels, here, there, everywhere, over all and *in* all, was beer. There were thousands of kegs of beer piled up under the trees, with huge chunks of ice packed in among them to keep them cool, and kegs of beer were perched upon stumps and boxes. The Teutonic paterfamilias proper disdained anything less than a whole keg at a time of the national drink. Gracefully hoisting upon his shoulder a stout little cask of the gentle beverage, he would march off with it to the shade of a majestic elm, and there himself, his *frau* and friends enjoyed themselves. Father, mother, and babies all drank beer. But the Teutonic paterfamilias always paid for his beer before he drank it. And that reminds me of how one of my gallant fellow-countrymen distinguished himself. He went to the picnic grounds early in the morning, armed with a one-hundred dollar greenback. With this he bravely charged upon a beer stand, ordered several glasses of beer, drank them, and then proffered his one-hundred dollar note in payment. Of course nobody could stop then to change it, so the beer was left unpaid for, and my gallant fellow-countryman passed on to the next beer stand and repeated the little game. Thus bravely he dead-headed himself through the beer kegs, and so successful was he that, towards evening, we saw him leaving the grounds, lopping heavily from side to side, and otherwise in such a state of glory over his illustrious exploit, that he could not possibly have told what he was made of. That was his idea of being witty. What do you think about it?

When you go to a picnic, or fair, or a mass-meeting, or anything of that sort, and want to see the crowd, don't go to stalking about *through* the crowd, jamming yourself up, and having your toes trodden upon. Not at all. Sit quietly down in some comfortable place and rest yourself. The crowd will come to *you*.

That was what our party did. The crowd marched and counter-marched past us all the afternoon, and we sat and took notes and compared German with American. The first thing we noticed was that the American talks with his mouth, while the German talks all over. His head, feet, hands, shoulders, and his whole body help his tongue to express his feelings. We saw a party of rosy German house-wives talking gossip and drinking beer. Fifty American women couldn't have made the clatter they did. Their heads bobbed, their ear-rings winked, their shoulders put in the exclamation points, and their very flounces nodded emphatically. We watched them until a sudden meteoric glare of scarlet and brass flashed upon our sight, and a dandy Cincinnati musical organization, the Orpheus, in brilliant Zouave uniform, headed by a glittering brass band, marched past our tree. Mark the name—*Orpheus*. They looked imposing, and they knew it. They marched proudly up to the musicians' platform, with their band playing and their colors flying, the very ideal of a procession perfectly and entirely satisfied with itself. Just at this particular moment an irrepressible youngster sung out:

"There comes the *Orphans*—look at 'em!"

We did look at the Orphans, and we smiled.

Next came a little party of my gallant fellow-countrymen, excitedly discussing the late defeat of the Cincinnati base-ballers of the Sanguinary Legs. Just after them two friends met each other in front of our tree with the customary question and answer:

"How are you, Thompson? Did you bring your wife?"

"No—I came on a pleasure-trip."

Then the bugle sounded for dinner. The Cincinnatians hospitably provided dinner for the singers of all the visiting societies. It seemed to me those tables were a mile long, though of course they were not. It isn't any particular pleasure to see a vast crowd of hungry people eat their dinner. That is it isn't to me. It always reminds me of how I have seen hundreds and thousands of sheep and calves peacefully pasturing on a green hill-side. Only that and nothing more.

So let us pass by the dinner, especially as it wasn't *our* dinner, and go back to our tree.

Presently there wandered by two disconsolate American-German damsels. They were already sufficiently Americanized to be rather thin and pale, to be rather too showily dressed for such an occasion, and to rather turn up their snobbish little noses at their more robustious and ruddy-cheeked German half-sisters. Melancholy was depicted in their eyes, and in the expression of their fair and monstrous chignons. The cause thereof I know not, but just as they glided gracefully past our tree, Arabella Gretchen said to Luella Katrina:

"Oh, I wish Henry was here!"

"Why?" says Luella Katrina.

"'Cause," answered Arabella Gretchen, with the true womanly chain of reasoning.

The answer was satisfactory, and the maidens passed on.

Then twenty or more Sængerfesters near us sang a German air. Their voices were sweet, rich, and mellow, and the song bubbled forth in a clear melody, delightful to hear. Then what do you think? Some of my gallant fellow-countrymen followed right upon the heels of the beautiful German song with a native American air, actually had the audacity to raise their thin, harsh voices to the dulcet strains of *Shoo Fly!* The Germans laughed, as well they might have done.

I am proud of my country, and always stand up for it. There are not many things an American can't do. He can make a colossal fortune out of anything or nothing, just as the case may be. He can invent anything from a cow-milker to an Atlantic cable. But it's no use talking; he *can't sing*. I give it up after hearing the Germans.

Before our patriotism had recovered from its mortification over the inglorious attempt of the Shoo Flyers, three more of my gallant fellow-countrymen came rolling by. They too had to go and open their mouth and put their foot in it. They too had to go and make donkeys of themselves by lifting up their voices to the tune of another native American air. I give you herewith their song and chorus entire, leaving you to conjecture for yourself what it means. I can't tell you. It is a conundrum which I abandon in despair. Here is the second native American song:

"Bring forth the cheese-knife—cheese-knife—cheese-knife,
Cheese-knife—cheese-knife—cheese-knife—cheese-knife——."

They called for their cheese-knife till they were out of hearing. For aught I know they are looking for it still, though I truly hope they have found it.

Following the cheese-knife hunters came a troop of jolly Germans, attired in the most hideous looking uniform I ever had the pleasure of beholding. Just opposite our tree, one of them, a big two hundred-pound Teuton, roared out:

"Dang the Dutch, *and me one myself!*"

So the day wore away with not a fight nor a quarrel, nor anything disagreeable all day that I heard of. To quote the language of another of my gallant fellow-countrymen, whose neck had gradually become too limber to support his head, and whose ideas of time and space were consequently somewhat discomboberated:

"I—didn't—see—any noise—outside of the way."

Finally let me close at sixteenthly with some moral reflections.

Firstly. I like the Germans and the German way of doing things. Americans would be far healthier and far happier, if they were more German and less unsatisfied. For the Germans are exceeding wise in their deep content and honest, simple lives. And if there is ever to be any American music at all, or any American musician worth listening to, that music and that musician will arise from the German element of our nation. Also, we are indebted to the Germans for the grandest literature of modern times. The greatest chemist, the greatest naturalist, and the greatest statesman now alive in the world, are all three Germans. Besides that, the greatest painter in America is of German descent. And the more Germans come among us, bringing with them the learning, the literature and art of the dear old *Vaterland*, the better it will be for us.

But the Germans are not as handsome a people as the Americans. There is no denying that.

Last of all, by way of a parting benediction, let me say this: If anybody in the world is in the habit of making an unmitigated idiot of himself, it is the fast young American at a German picnic. He only goes to become intoxicated and sneer at his betters, the well-behaved, good-tempered Germans. It is invariably the fast young American who raises the disturbances at German parties. He fancies he is the wisest, beautifullest, most gifted young gentleman in the world. He is awfully mistaken. And until he can behave himself properly, whenever he is tempted to go to a German picnic or party, in every case he would do well to reconsider his vote, and stay at home and go to bed.

THE ALARM-BELL OF ATRI.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

At Atri, in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no further upward, come what may,"
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the king,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How happily the days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away.
Unravelled at the end, and strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts;
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And, day by day, sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadowless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the Summer-time,
With bolted doors, and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
All suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his sweet repose,
Turned on his couch and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace,
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade,
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form, of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together, like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned: in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees, that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all,
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Two Letters.

BY W. A. THOMPSON.

We are Dalrymples, and I am Margaret—called "Peg" by seven younger brothers when they are cross, and "Daisy" when they are affectionate; and I am not sure that the last estate with them is not worse than the first.

My story (what there is of it) begins on a certain black Monday, when everybody was cross from having more than his or her share of work. The baby had elected me for her bondwoman in lieu of her usual nurse, who was drafted for the chamber-work.

It was such a breathless July day, and there were so many of us about the house, that the air seemed to be drained of all its freshness before it reached me. I was oppressed all day with a curious weight on my senses, as if something dreadful were going to happen. The baby's fat arms and hands appeared to multiply to a Briarean extent, all pulling at my hair and eyelashes at once. I had to pinch myself to destroy the illusion. A sickly little breeze stirred the tops of the cherry trees, and I carried the baby to the window, balancing her on the sill while I leaned out to breathe it.

"Here's your letter from Charlie," called out Frank, next boy but one to the baby. "I ran all the way from the office with it, 'cause you are so glad to hear from him."

I opened the letter with a faint flutter at my heart; it was very strange that the words would not steady themselves to be read;

"My Darling Cousin—

"*She* has accepted me, with all my imperfections on my head, and I am the happiest man on this footstool. I want just one drop more, and that is your sympathy. But I forget that you do not even know who *she* is; no more did I three weeks ago—"

A great bumble-bee seemed to buss in my ears to this tune: "Charley's going to marry another woman—never cared for you at all—at all—at all," tailing off into a prolonged hum.

The next thing I knew I was lying on the lounge in mother's room, with a wet towel around my head, while she chafed my hands and somebody else tugged at my stay-lacings.

"What's the matter? Have I been run over or struck by lightning?" I asked, falling giddily when I tried to raise myself.

"You fainted away at the window. You have taken care of other people one day too long."

An appalling stillness reigned through the house—a state of things unknown since the baby's advent two years before. Could it be possible that I had let her fall out of the window, and she was now being laid out in the next room?

"The baby!" I gasped.

"Oh, I packed her off at once to Aunt Jane. She thought you were lying on the floor wholly for her benefit, and was sitting on your head when I went into the room. Whatever becomes of the rest of you *she* will live into the eighties."

She had got me into bed by this time, and with a final pat all over me, which only mothers know the trick of, she left me alone.

How blissful the heavy quiet was for a moment! and then it flashed upon me that there was something waiting my leisure to be thought about. Charlie's letter, and Charlie himself! We were step-cousins, if there is such a relationship—a very elastic sort of connection at least—which had served to make us alternately familiar and distant. He had been my devoted admirer so long that any other state of things was difficult to conceive of in my weak condition.

I had never put myself through any mental catechism as to my own regard for him, and he had asked no question tending to that end. But, woe is me! the idea had somehow got itself rooted in my mind that he would never want to marry any other woman.

If I had ever had time to analyze his behavior, I might possibly have seen what a spongy piece of ground my feet were planted on; but there was always the housekeeping wheel wanting a spoke, or the baby, or the next child, or the next but one, to use up every atom of space in my thoughts; and I had drifted on from childhood to twenty years with the idea that if I ever did possess my soul in peace, I should owe it to Charlie.

It was a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Charlie's letter went on to give a "local habitation and a name" to the fatal *she* who had cut the ground from under my feet. I hoped vindictively that it would be a very long engagement, and Charlie might weary for some of his old sparring-matches with me.

"You have a bright spot on each cheek, Daisy. You are feverish, and must have a doctor," said my mother, coming in.

"Oh don't go and make me ill, in spite of myself. I only want a long sleep and a vacation from boys."

Mother began to move restlessly about the room in a way to make a well person feverish. I knew she had something on her mind, and was halting between two opinions as to whether she should speak or keep silence.

"Make a clean breast of it, little mother," I said at last, when I could bear it no longer.

"Margaret, did you read Charlie's letter?" she said: "we found it in your hand after you fainted."

"Yes—at least enough to learn the news it contained. I did not reach the lady's name."

She looked at me now so affectionately that my lips would tremble, and I laughed to hide it:

"Did you think it was the letter that upset me so? Not a bit of it. I have had a *feeling* of walking on my head all day."

She gave me an unbelieving kiss, and went away with the trouble still in her face. I made up my mind to get up betimes in the morning, and work so hard and so cheerfully I would shortly beat her out of all idea of my lovelornness. By dint of counting several millions, and persistently thinking of sheep going over a wall, I caught some shreds and parings of sleep through the night, but it was so spotted with visions of Charlie in all sorts of affectionate attitudes with the lady of his love that it was a shade worse than lying broad awake. When I did get up and essay to dress, I was glad to stumble back to the bed. After this I fell into a dreamless sleep for some hours, and waked to the sound of a strange voice. The door was open, and a long glass hanging near it reflected the doctor as he trod the long hall softly—not our old doctor, who had been like a father to us, but his young partner, whom I had seen only once or twice in church.

It is a fancy of mine that young men and maidens wear masks toward each other: they put them on when they are introduced, and it takes years of acquaintance to bring them really face to face. Even a long engagement may fail to do it.

If I had met this doctor in a crowded room, with my thoughts distracted by erratic hairpins and the consciousness of my best gown, I might never have seen in his face the true "Bayard" expression, "without fear and without reproach," which makes noble the ruggedest features.

"She never had a day's sickness before," mother was saying; "and perhaps she has only worked too hard."

"Was there any mental shock which may have combined with the heat and overwork just now?" asked the doctor.

"I am not sure: she did receive a letter just before she fainted which contained rather startling news."

"Will you give me some water?" I called to her, in dismay lest the new doctor should gain the key to my trouble and use it like a scalpel.

It is a great drawback to my mother's faith that it does not admit of auricular confession. She is so determined to let all our little skeletons out of their closets that such a thing as a secret is unknown in the family.

Dr. Hayes put on no professional airs, nor did he "talk shop" after the manner of most doctors: he felt my pulse, to be sure, and gave me one or two searching looks.

"Are you in great haste to be well?" he asked after awhile.

"That is of course, is it not?"

"Not always. You ought to make yourself as blank as possible for a month. Put a fly-leaf into your life."

"It may sound conceited, but I could not possibly be spared for half that time. Have you seen the census of our family?"

"No."

"'We are seven,' and two more. I am the eldest; and then there is an unmitigated row of boys, till you get to the baby, who is two years in age and a patriarch in mischief. I give you three days to make me well. Mother may manage to keep her head above water till then."

"Then you must promise to think as little as possible of agitating things."

"I will try," I said, meekly, feeling myself blush furiously, and wishing somebody would play Othello to me so far as to hold a pillow tight over my face. When he was gone I remonstrated feebly with the authoress of my being:

"Why will you make a father-confessor of everybody?"

"My dear, it was only the doctor. I thought he ought to know all about it."

"A doctor is none the less a man and a brother, and troubled with like infirmities to the rest of the world. It will be all over town that I have been disappointed, and have turned my face to the wall."

"Then I hope you will show them a very cheerful face when you are well again, though it may be an effort at first."

Her sympathy was almost too much for me, but I fought myself valiantly.

"I won't have you settle down to the idea that I have given all for love. The buttons and patches have always had the first place in my mind, and bid fair to keep it till the last boy is grown up. That letter was only a signal when I was just ready to go off. If I had been perfectly well, a dozen letters saying that Charlie had turned Mormon and married as many wives, would not have toppled me over like that."

"You're a true Dalrymple," sighed my mother.

I was filled with profoundest pity for all the Dalrymples if I were a true one. What hypocrites they must have been! "I don't see my way clear to be a 'Mariana in the Moated Grange,' if I had ever so much inclination. With seven brothers to supply with court-plaster and cravats, I might be 'aweary and aweary,' and 'would that I were dead,' but I could not give my whole time to it, and I should go to my grave unsung, as sure as fate."

"Don't talk nonsense, Margaret: it is a very serious time with you."

"I will be as funereal as you like on any subject except this. It is only in your own mind that the time is out of joint."

"And you have never really cared for Charlie?"

"To tell you the truth, I have never had time to think about it. I should have been more than woman if I had not rather liked to have him dangling after me, but now I mean to ensnare Dr. Hayes, that we may all be sick luxuriously, and have no bills to pay."

The trouble was all gone out of my mother's face when she said good-night at last.

I hoped wearily that everybody would not be so hard to convince, for another such victory would ruin me.

When Dr. Hayes came next day I was propped up with pillows, making very high-colored cravats, while three budding dandies sat on the bed and hailed my successes.

"This will never do," he said, turning out the boys, cravats and all, with a master stroke of generalship. (I admired him, not without awe, from that moment.) "Is this the way you follow my prescription?"

"I hope you don't call cravats 'agitating things.' To bunch up ribbon in a sensational manner is my one talent: when everything else fails, I shall throw myself upon the world and make a fortune at it. I will make a 'tie' for you if you will cure me very soon."

"Don't make any more, then, till I ask you for mine."

"But you might forget ever to ask for it, and then think of the sevenfold anguish of the boys."

"Never fear: it is a weakness of mine never to forget anything."

When he went away he made a speech to the boys, which made them his friends for life, and freed me from their rough attentions for my whole month of illness, for it really did stretch to that length. The doctor came every day, and in the first week he fell into the habit of bringing me something to look at till his next visit. The first was a bunch of blue-and-white violets, that he had found growing on a bank in a lonely ride.

He seldom overstayed ten minutes, but those minutes were so full of enjoyment and kindness that they made the whole day fragrant. I would not have believed it possible that I could lie day after day in bed, or in an easy-chair, for four mortal weeks, neither happy nor unhappy, but rather between. I had a glimpse of the reason one day, when the doctor said that he was coming only once more. I started a little, being weak, you know; and as he had been counting my pulse and had forgotten to put down my hand, he knew that his words had moved me. His eyes looked straight into mine with a question in them, which brought a swift blush into my face for his real answer, but I gave him another without delay:

"I am such a bundle of habits I shall miss you terribly for a day or two, when I come to that quarter hour in the twenty-four which you have filled so kindly of late; but I shall soon be swallowed up in the family maelstrom."

"And forget me entirely, you would say?"

"I fear so, indeed."

The brightness in his eyes was not at all dimmed by my rough speech.

"I shall see you once more, to-morrow," he said, with the true professional bow, and departed.

"And you shall see me at my prettiest," I thought, with an instant resort to woman's weapons.

As the time drew on for the doctor's last call (I seemed to connect something portentous with it), I got myself up with extremest care in a white merino wrapper, only used on state occasions, and the jauntiest of little scarlet jackets edged with swan's down. I stood a long time before the glass, putting up and taking down the long brown hair which was one of my strong points.

The door was suddenly thrown open, but it was not Dr. Hayes who rushed into the room and seized both my hands with treasonable intent to kiss me, as in the old days. I slipped out of Charlie's grasp into an arm-chair, and braced myself to an encounter.

"Oh, Maggie, to think that you have been ill so long and not a word sent to me! But you are looking so lovely, you must be well again."

This was mollifying, in spite of that elect lady of his, whom I kept rigidly in my mind's eye.

"He's come! here he is!" was Frank's cry to the rearguard, and they all poured in, perching themselves close about their favorite.

"I couldn't imagine why you didn't answer that letter: was it too silly?"

"Was it the letter I brought to you?" said Frank, swooping on the white merino.

"Yes, yes," I cried, to ward him off at any cost.

"Charlie, do tell us what was in it. Daisy fainted away as soon as she read it, and has been sick ever since."

If you could have seen Charlie's face! A month before, such a speech would have made me long for a trap-door, but now a curious bravery possessed me to watch the effect of it. He glanced at the boy desperately, but I had no idea of sending away my natural defenders.

"Look here, you fellows," said Charlie, at last, "I want to tell Maggie something."

"And you don't want us to hear it? Never you mind: we'll get it all out of Maggie when you're gone." And they all trooped out with heads high in air.

"Is this true, Maggie?—only tell me is this true?" and all at once he was on his knees beside my chair, reading my face as a near-sighted person does a book.

"I don't understand you, Charlie."

"Yes you do. Was it my letter that—that—"

"Gave me a slow fever, do you mean? How absurd! I had been ill for days, and when I gave in at last, it happened to be your letter and the baby that I held in my hands, but I should have fainted all the same with the dust-pan and brush. Now tell me something about that 'lovely woman,' and get off your knees to begin with."

"Not till you confess that you cared more for my letter than for the dust-pan."

"Now, Charlie, I want to reason with you—"

"Heaven forbid! You have coaxed and teased and scolded me ever since I knew you, but reasoned with me never."

Then mother's welcome step sounded in the hall.

"Hang it!" said Charlie, getting on his feet at last. "What a house this is!—one might as well live out of doors."

"We never did have a sitting with closed doors, and I don't know why we should begin now."

"Charlie, you have stayed too long when Maggie is so weak. Go away now, and come to-morrow."

Charlie took himself off with a very ill grace indeed.

"Has the doctor been here, mother?"

"No: I saw him driving down the 'Precinct' road. He can't be back before afternoon. You might as well take a nap."

I scorned the idea in my heart. Go to sleep after such a scene with Charlie, and perhaps something going to happen when Dr. Hayes came! Impossible! I lay back in the easy-chair and shut my eyes, so as to think better, as people do in church. It looked very much as if Charlie was off with the new love, and wanted to be on with the old; or else he meant to be "a brother" to me, but I was over-burdened already with that commodity. I wondered now how I could ever have thought of trusting my whole life in his hands—he was so boyish, so impulsive, so inferior to Dr. Hayes. The doctor must have had it all his own way in my mind for a long time, for when I opened my eyes the afternoon sun was streaming in at the windows.

The room was empty, but some one had been there and gone: on a little table beside me lay an exquisite bunch of English violets, and a letter: "Miss Dalrymple"—that was all. I turned it over and over before I took the plunge of opening it. It began:

"My Dear Daisy:

"I hope this letter will not wholly surprise you. I meant to keep heart-whole until I could marry. Man proposes, but Love disposes without consulting him at all. You gave my heartstrings a tug the first time I laid eyes on you, and in these few weeks I have learned to love you dearly. I do not ask you to love me *now* in the same unreasoning way. A long engagement is the most harrowing thing in life: I would not so bind you to my will and pleasure if I could; but the dismal fact is, that I could not marry for two or three years yet, even if all things go well with me, and they have always had a habit of going contrariwise. My mother reduced herself to starvation-point to give me my education and profession. I must make up her little property to her before I can think of myself, and saving is slow work. I entreat you not to suppose that I take anything for granted as regards your feeling toward me. It may be that you are already attached, or even engaged, to some one else. If it be so, I shall find it out in time, and gather grace somehow to be resigned to my fate. I only ask you, if you are altogether heart-free, to think as kindly of me as may be while I am working hard to deserve you. I might have kept back my declaration of love till I could have offered marriage at the same time—most men do, I believe—but I thought it might some time give you a moment's pleasure in the depth of some worry, or the height of boy-tyranny, to think that one man had eyes to see the sweet unselfishness of your character, and to love you for it so long as he lives.

"Good-bye, my Daisy, for a long time.

"Julian Hayes."

The spotless delicacy of this letter, the self-sacrifice of confiding his love to me without asking anything in return, was too much for me. I had liked him very much before, but now I fell in love with him beyond all hope of rescue, and all the more because I suspected that he had heard of Charlie's defection, and had hit upon this way of applying balm to the wound.

I was wrought up to quite a pitch of self-sacrifice myself, but there was really nothing for me to do but to get well as fast as possible, and lift a corner of my mother's burden. My business at present was to keep Charlie at arm's length, which was easily done with just a word in mother's ear: the moment he appeared she left everything, to brood over me as if I were the only chick left of her nine. He had to go back to his work in the city without relieving his mind of the burden which seemed to lie heavy on it.

I thought of my next meeting with Dr. Hayes with a flutter of dread, but he behaved so entirely like other people on that occasion and many succeeding ones that I had to take his letter out of my treasure-box and read it over at least twice each time to convince myself that I had not dreamed it all. The letter was an unspeakable comfort to me, holding out a distant yet sure entrance into a peaceful home, which should be my very own. When I was stung all over with pin-pricks of vexation, I said in my heart, as perhaps Rachel did when she saw Jacob afar off tending her father's sheep, "It is only for seven years—not forever;" and even if the seven years were doubled, I knew that boys, like wine, improve with keeping, and he had promised to love me while his life lasted. Somehow I never doubted that promise. Steadfastness was written all over him. Sometimes in church I stole furtive looks at him, and wondered if I could ever become used to walking up the middle aisle in his wake, as other wives did, when he was no blood-relation.

It was nearly a year after my fever that I went every day for a few weeks to sit an hour with a poor girl who had been a seamstress in our family and in others in the village. She was the softest-hearted, meekest of women, having no will of her own, and no courage to assert it if she had. She was led away by some ruthless villain to commit the unpardonable sin among women, and, though her repentance was swift and sincere, she was now forbidden every house except ours. Her health gave way under grief and reproach, and she fell into an old-fashioned decline, lying patiently on her bed until death should come to loose her prison-bars. Dr. Hayes visited her daily—not because his skill could avail anything, but because all others had forsaken her. His praise was always on her lips, yet I shrank from seeing him in her room, and carefully avoided the time of his visits. I was dropping strawberries into her mouth, one by one, as one feeds a baby, when I saw in her face that some one was standing in the door. I knew who it was without turning round.

"I must leave you now, and come again to-morrow," I said hastily, and rushed out of the room with intent to escape Dr. Hayes if possible. He had stepped back a little, and now barred the narrow passage:

"I knew poor Theresa must have one friend, and yesterday I recognized that quaint little saucer of Japan china that used to stand on your table. Why have we never met here before?"

"She used to sew for us; mother always liked her," I answered, wholly at random.

The doctor's face suddenly darkened.

"I have tried to plead that poor woman's cause in a great many houses lately, and they were all so interested and full of charity till I told her name, and then they all put on their armor of self-righteousness and would have none of her. One would think 'all *their* brothers had been valiant and all their sisters virtuous.'"

"Why did you not come to us?"

"I was afraid you would be cruel and hard like the rest, and call it virtue. I might have known I could trust you. Will you forgive me, Margaret?"

He put out his arms, and I made just the least step forward. If he kissed me many times in that little passage-way, dusky with cobwebs, no one knew it except the dying woman within the room, and she told the secret only to the angels, whom she joined that night.

This chance meeting made no difference in our relations to each other. The doctor had evidently yielded to a sudden temptation, and if he did not repent it, he at least set a double guard over himself for many weeks after.

It was not long after this that Charlie came home for his vacation (he was clerk in some wholesale place in the city.) He walked into mother's sewing-room and threw down the gauntlet the very first day:

"Where's Maggie?"

"In the garden with the baby;" which was true enough five minutes before. One may have too much of a baby, as well as of any other good thing, and, having deserted her, I was seated on the piazza busily listening to every word spoken within.

"I'm glad she's out of the way for once. I haven't had a crumb of comfort with her since that miserable engagement of mine and the letter I sent her."

"What do you mean by your miserable engagement?" said mother with dignity.

"Oh, it was mere child's play. I was bewitched with her prettiness and her flirting ways, but the moment I had committed myself I found how empty-headed she was, and how little she cared for me; so it was very easy to get up a little quarrel and break the engagement. The fact is, I loved Mag all the time. Now, auntie, won't you tell me if she cares for me the least bit?"

"My dear boy," mother was beginning (all boys are dear to her) when I put my head in at the window.

"And if I did care for you, what is to ensure me that you would not be bewitched by the prettiness of yet another young woman, who might prefer to hold on to her fish after she had caught him?"

"Margaret, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Never mind," said Charlie. "She would never let me come near her, and now she knows it without my taking the trouble to tell her."

"Know what?—that you will like me passing well until you are caught by some other fisher of men? You have Ferdinand's faculty of loving several women for several virtues."

Charlie was so vexed at this thrust that he departed without any leave-taking: he came back in the evening to be forgiven, but could not break through my bulwark of boys.

There was a picnic next day—an annual bore which had been submitted to with Christian patience for many years in our village, because no one was strong-minded enough to put it down. I made ready my white pique suit and a gorgeous Roman sash (which my father had brought home from his last voyage "up the Straits"), thinking only of Dr. Hayes and Charlie, and overlooking the fact that I could never go anywhere without two young Dalrymples at least in my train. We had to ride a mile or two in a great open wagon with an awning over it. Charlie intrigued for a seat beside me, and obtained it. Dr. Hayes was opposite, and had no more words for me than for other people; but when the sun shone into my eyes, I was scarcely conscious of the annoyance before he had let down a loop of the awning. He was always planning for my comfort when no one need be the wiser for it. It was like being upheld by wings invisible to all eyes but my own. After the bustle and chatter of the first start was over, everybody listened to what Jennie Hood was saying to her neighbor (her rule was, "Always to say something, if it wasn't so bright"):

"You will always see, if you take notice, that people like best those who look least like themselves. Tall men, if they follow the natural heart, pick out little wives to hang on their arms like work-bags. I am five feet one, and no one under six feet need apply."

We all laughed, and began to compare notes on the subject.

"There's Charlie Remington," Jennie went on, "with his light Saxon complexion: he will fall in love with a brunette of the deepest dye."

"No so," said Charlie. "I will have a brown-haired woman or none."

"Did *she* have brown hair?" I whispered.

"The woman that I liked best has pounds and pounds of it," returned Charlie in the same tone, winding on his finger the long curl that hung over my shoulder.

"As for Dr. Hayes," said Jennie, "being neither light nor dark, his fortune is hard to tell. Blondes and brunettes may both have hopes of him."

"'Of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God,'" quoted the doctor, with a flash at Charlie and a smile for me.

"What queer things Dr. Hayes says!" said Jennie Hood when we had left the wagon. "He looked at you, but he could not have meant you, because you don't know one tune from another."

"Of course not," I said, innocently.

We were going to "the Island," a long strip of piney land in the river, one off from the mainland by a ranting, tearing brook, not quite deep enough to drown one, but sufficiently so to make a tumble from the slippery log which made the only bridge anything but comfortable.

It was Charlie who gave me his hand over the abyss, but Dr. Hayes gave his mind to the safety of my brother Frank and the baby—an act for which King Arthur would have made him knight of the Round Table. The baby had added more than a year to her age since I first introduced her, but not a grain to her discretion. We first drew lots as to the lady who should make the tea and coffee and the gentleman who was to feed the fire. There may have been bribery in the matter, but the lot actually fell to Charlie and myself, and the rest of the party dispersed to find bark for plates, and kill time at any cost till dinner. The children went away in Dr. Hayes's company to fish for minnows.

"Now could anything be more delightful?" said Charlie. "I should have torn my hair, and hers too, if I had had to dawdle off with Jennie Hood, instead of helping you to make tea."

"Alas for my white gown!"

"Pshaw! does a woman never think of anything but her clothes?"

"Rately; it must be all-absorbing if she does."

"Sit down here and be a good girl," said Charlie, throwing himself on a bed of soft moss.

Then a familiar howl rent the air: I knew the sound too well to delay an instant. There sat the doctor holding at arm's length what had been the baby, but now was a mere bundle of mud and water.

"Oh dear! this is too much! How did it happen?"

"I'll tell you," put in Frank. "She wasn't satisfied with the little ones: she saw a whopping big one, and tried for it, and so she pitched head first into the mud. Served her right."

I gave one glance at my white dress, and gave it up for lost.

"Never mind," said the doctor. "You go back to your work, and I'll see to this. 'I never could make tea,' as Mark Tapley said, 'but anybody can wash a boy.'" The baby did not happen to be a boy, but that did not affect the moral beauty of the sentiment.

"You can take off her outside things," I said to Frank.

"Yes, and hold her head under water till she's 'most done bubblin'," said that young monster. "Girls don't pay for bringing up."

Charlie had let the fire die out under the kettle while he tried to carve a monogram out of C and M, but the grain of the wood was hostile to him. Any other couple might have claimed it without dispute.

"Hallo!" said Frank, running up to see what Charlie was about. "I hope you don't call that C and M; it looks more like z y s."

"Then how did you know it was C and M?" said Charlie.

"'Cause you like Mag best, you know; but you've made a regular knot of it."

"A Gordian knot, that can never be untied," said Charlie under his breath, but all the little pitchers in our family have long ears.

"Oh, I know all about that," said Frank. "I had it in my history-lesson, but I forget what they did with it."

"Cut it, of course," said Dr. Hayes, quietly, bringing in the baby, a sadder if not a wiser child. The children began to harass Charlie to go with them after berries, and when he finally yielded to their much importunity, the expression of a king was on his face. A few blessed minutes alone with my doctor had not been vouchsafed me since our meeting in the little entry-way dusky with cobwebs. The fire was soon burning brightly under his vigorous treatment, for he always did the nearest duty first. I was a good girl this time without an invitation, and sat down near him at just such a distance as he might lessen if he felt like it, and he did feel like it immediately.

"I have a bit of good news: at least to myself it is good," he said after a little pause.

"And therefore to me," I said, still playing diligently the part of good girl.

"I hope so."

"Have you any doubt of it?"

He glanced up at the monogram.

"Charlie is my cousin," I said—and then I repented myself of palming this Hibernian fib on my earnest lover—"and he used to be a shade nearer than a cousin, but he tumbled off his pedestal before I ever knew you."

"How long before?"

"I could give you the time in hours, but curiosity being unworthy of the manly mind, I shall not encourage yours."

Then the rest of the party came back and fell to eating and drinking, and I did not hear the good news, after all.

The day was to end with a dance on the green sward,—and the company were still lounging about the table-cloth when another of my brothers, who had come to the dance, announced that mother had sent a carriage for the little ones.

"I will drive them home if you will trust me," said the doctor.

"Thank you. I am almost as tired as they are: I believe I will go too."

"I will take care of my cousin, sir: you need give yourself no farther trouble," said Charlie, with a high-tragedy air.

Dr. Hayes only bowed and turned away.

I felt uncommonly savage as I rode home with Charlie, and utterly indifferent how soon he should discover it.

"Something has come over you, Mag: you used to like me better than anybody, and seize every chance to be with me."

"Did I? Your memory is better than mine."

"You snap a fellow up for a word now. I want to see you alone for one half hour, and I can make it all right between us."

"What if I preferred having it all wrong?"

"Will you or will you not give me a chance to speak to you when you are not in a crowd of children. (His sharp tone roused the baby, who had been asleep on my shoulder.) "By the way, who's that Dr. Hayes who takes so much on himself?"

How gladly I would have said that he was some time to be my "man of men," but there was no engagement, and it was impossible to explain the real state of affairs. The baby came to my rescue. Children "rush in where angels fear to tread."

"Dr. Hayes is a nice man. I love him: don't you, Maggie?"

"Yes, I do," I said, boldly, and then retired behind the big's crown of her sunbonnet.

Charley turned square round, and if our old horse had been Pegasus, then would have been the time to soar away.

"Is that true, Maggie?"

"Yes, Charley—true as gospel; and I showed him one corner of a very red face.

"That will do," said Charlie in a choked kind of voice, and he rattled us home over the stones in a way to put a violent end to the Dalrymples in the female line. I looked for Dr. Hayes when the picnickers came home, and was not disappointed. You would not have supposed there was a boy within a mile of the house, so deftly had they all been cornered in mother's room, and kept there by enormous bribes. You won't care to hear what the doctor said when he found me all alone in the parlor, and drew my sewing out of my hands because he liked to see my eyes while he talked. His good news was just this: a tough old uncle had died and remembered his sister in his will, which released her son from any farther anxiety on her account.

"Did you have company last night?" asked Frank next morning.

"Yes—Dr. Hayes."

"Oho! I guess Charlie will be in your hair. I found two chairs right close together in the parlor. They looked very sociable."

Six boys laid down knife and fork to laugh at this sally.

"Boys," said mother with dignity, "I want you to like Dr. Hayes, and always treat him with respect, because he will be your brother by-and-by."

"I've got too many brothers to be respectful to 'em," said Frank; "and 't'ain't any news: I've caught 'em looking at each other in church this long time."

I flattered myself that our seven tyrants would be quite low-spirited in view of my leaving them, but they bore up wonderfully, assisted by an unlimited supply of wedding-cake. Julian's mother sent me a cream-colored silk that would stand alone for my wedding-dress, and my father brought me, from over seas, a veil that was just "woven air."

And yet I was a very crumpled-looking bride, and this was the reason: when half a dozen of my girl-friends had added the last touch to my costume before the ceremony, they left me alone a moment to think the last of my girl-thoughts while they went to call Dr. Hayes. He came in alone, and I took from my drawer a dainty little bow, made from a bit of the wedding silk. On the under side of the ends I had embroidered a "mountain daisy."

"You have never asked me for the 'tie' I promised you," I said. "Here it is, and you must be married in it."

"But why have the daisies out of sight?"

"Because I only want *you* to know they are there."

"You are my daisy, 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,'" he said, and took me in his arms with a fervor which had no thought for wedding-garments; and this was why I forgot to look in the glass when he let me go, and disgusted the kind friends who had dressed me with all their art.

When I had put on my traveling-dress, and was giving the last kiss, Frank, the stony-hearted, was found bathed in tears, and not to be comforted on any terms.

"Keep up your heart, my boy; we'll come back in a fortnight, and you can see her every day in her own house," said Julian.

"Oh, bother! it ain't that, sobbed Frank. "I can see her often enough, but when she's gone, we sha'n't have any more waffles for breakfast."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

☞ The inventor of cork legs, it is said, is dragging out a dreary existence in a Pennsylvania poor-house. Yet his invention, says a cotemporary, is the foundation upon which all other styles of artificial limbs are built; and he deserves a public recognition and reward.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting;
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow:

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the fire-light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak, and holly,
And laurel wreathe entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine!

—*Overland Monthly.*

Parker's Private Secretary:

AN HISTORICAL INCIDENT.

The story I am about to tell relates to an incident in the history of England which is but little known, and which you will not find in books, but one which nevertheless had a great effect on her destinies.

About the beginning of this century, while the revolutionary wars were raging, communication in cipher was naturally very prevalent; and ingenuity was taxed to the utmost on one hand to invent, and on the other to detect, the medium used in secret correspondence. As a rule, the decipherer had beaten the cipher, and no known method was secure of detection. If conventional signs merely were used, the recurrence of the different symbols gave a key easily followed out. Some ingenious spirits corresponded by reference to the pages and lines of particular editions of books—methods, although they might preserve the secret, disclosed what was often quite as dangerous: there was a secret. I am about to tell you of a plan which for a long time was not only undetected, but unsuspected.

It was at that time when the first Napoleon had assembled his fleet and transports at Brest, with the ostensible, and as is generally believed the real view, of making a descent on England. The greatest precautions were observed by the English government in regard to correspondence from France, and an amount of espionage was practised at the post-office, which left Sir James Graham's subsequent performances in that line far behind. The national excitement was intense, and the political departments of the government were administered with an iron sway.

My uncle, Sir George Trevor, was, as all the world then knew, high in the Admiralty—and as it was from him that I heard this anecdote, its veracity may be depended on.

The despatches to and from the Admiralty were the subject of the gravest vigilance, and the most stringent regulations. The clerks were not permitted to send or receive letters which were not first submitted to the chief clerk; and it was believed that letters addressed even to private residences were frequently opened at the post-office.

At the time I speak of, the chief clerk was an elderly man of the name of Parker—a wizened, wiry, dapper individual, so imbued with the official tincture of Whitehall that it had become second nature to him. He lived and breathed and thought and slept for the Admiralty, and knew no other pleasure or care. He was withal a genial and kindly soul, keen and energetic in the affairs of his office, and in all others a mere child.

He had assumed as his private secretary a young fellow of the name of Beaumont, who was one of the most promising subordinates in the establishment. He was modest and unassuming, very good-looking, with a countenance and an air suggestive of depression and melancholy. He was evidently of good education, and probably well born also, for his manners were easy and indicated good breeding. He was a native of Jersey, and had been introduced to the notice of the admiralty authorities by some influential member of Parliament. He was much liked in the office, and discharged his duties to perfection.

One morning Parker presented himself before my uncle with a visage pale with woe and trembling with excitement.

"Why, what is the matter, Parker? Has Bonaparte come?"

"He may have, for aught I know," said Parker. "Things are all wrong, Sir George!"

"What is wrong?"

"The letters are wrong. There is a spy among us. I have known it for a long time, now I am quite sure; but I cannot find him out."

Parker went on to explain that he had for some time suspected that some one in the office communicated their private information and despatches outside. He had redoubled his precautions; but, more than ever confirmed in his suspicions, was entirely baffled in his endeavors to detect the culprit.

"But, Parker," said my uncle, "how do you come to be so sure that your secrets have transpired?"

"By the funds, Sir George. They answer to the news as surely as the bell down stairs answers to the bell-rope. I find them going up and down as if they were sitting in the office," said Parker, personifying the stock exchange for a moment.

"Have all the letters to the clerks been examined strictly?"

"Yes; I read them all myself."

"Find nothing in them?"

"Mighty little. Some are from home and some from friends; but most of them from sweethearts," said Parker, twisting his face into a grim smile, "and rum things they say in them."

"And the young men's letters. Are they rum, too?"

"They are more careful like, as they know I am to see them; but, Lord save you, sir, they are all stuff; not a ha'porth of harm in them."

"This matter must be seen to," said my uncle; "I have had my own misgivings on the same subject. Bring me all the letters which come to and are sent by the clerks for the next week. There is no reason why you should have all the rum things to yourself."

So my uncle had the letters for a week, and found them very much such as Parker had described them. The suspicious symptoms increased; the stock exchange responded more sensitively than ever; but not the slightest ground for suspecting any one transpired. My uncle was bewildered, and Parker was rapidly verging to insanity.

"It is certainly not the clerks," said my uncle. "There is no treason there," said he, pushing back the letters of the day. "By the way, how does young Beaumont get on? She seems a nice creature, that sister of his, to judge by her letters."

"He is the best hand in the office, a long sight; and his sister is a very sweet, ladylike creature. They are orphans, poor things, and he supports her out of his salary. She called at the office two months ago, and I gave him leave to see her for a few minutes in my room. But he knew it was against rules, and has not seen her here again."

"But what are we to do?" said my uncle. "I think I will speak to the First Lord."

So he spoke to the First Lord, who thought the affair serious enough.

"It must be in the letters," said he.

"It cannot be in the letters," said my uncle.

"As you please," said the chief; "but, although you cannot find it there, perhaps another can. I will try an expert."

My uncle had no faith in experts or Bow street runners, and mistrusted them. But he could not refuse to try the experiment suggested. So the most experienced decipherer in London was summoned into council, and to him the letters of the day were secretly submitted.

He read them all very carefully, looked at them in the light, and looked at the light through them. At last he put them all aside, excepting one from Elinor Beaumont.

"Who is the lady who writes this?" said the taciturn man of skill at last.

"A very sweet young woman," said Parker, smartly; "sister of my private secretary."

"Does she write often?"

"Yes; she is his only correspondent, and writes about twice a week."

"Where does she live?"

"She lives in Jersey, Beaumont told me. Their father was in business there."

"And does she always write about the same sort of things—aunt's rheumatism, picnics, squire's tea-parties, and the like?"

"Much the same, excepting when she speaks of Beaumont himself."

"Hum!" said the expert.

"Well, sir," said my uncle, who was rather impatient of the man-of-skill's pomposity, "and what may 'hum' mean? Have the young woman and her aunt's rheumatism done the mischief?"

"Hum! She dates from Fleet street?"

"And why should she not date from Fleet street?"

"I should be sorry to prevent her," said the unmoved philosopher. "Has this correspondence continued long?"

"Oh, yes—a couple of years or so, but not nearly so regularly as lately."

"For how long regularly?"

"About two months."

"That is, about the time when you first suspected the betrayal of confidence?"

"Really, my friend, if you can't see farther into a millstone than that, you may give up the profession," said my uncle. "Take my word for it, the Beaumonts have nothing to do with it. Rubbish!"

"Hum!" And with that the man of skill took his hat and departed, saying he would return in two days. The two days, however, were five before he came back, and was again closeted with my uncle and Parker, with whom he had fallen in great disfavor.

"Wants to make a job," said the latter—"a regular humbug."

"Sir George," said the regular humbug, "has Beaumont a locked desk in his room?"

"Yes, sir," said Parker, "he has."

"Have you a key which will open it?"

"I have—and what of that?"

"I wish to have that desk opened without his knowledge, and the contents brought to me."

"And on what pretence," said my uncle, "do you propose to put this insult on a man against whom there is no reasonable ground of suspicion, and who has not been allowed to speak for himself?"

"There need be no insult—for he will know nothing of it; neither will any one else."

"I will not permit it, sir."

"Hum! Then I can do no more in the business."

"But," said Parker, whose official notions made him unwilling to break off the negotiations in this manner, "what pretence have you for doing this to Beaumont and not to the other clerks?"

"Shall I tell you? There is no such person as Elinor Beaumont, and the address in Fleet Street is a notorious haunt of suspected foreigners."

"Good gracious!" said my uncle, changing color; "you don't say that?"

"It is the fact; but you will see the necessity of being cautious and silent in the matter. Detection hangs on a thread, as it stands, and a whisper will break it."

"What do you mean," said Parker, "about Elinor Beaumont? I have seen her."

"There is no Elinor Beaumont in Jersey. I sent and have ascertained the fact."

"I am sure there is some mistake about all this, which Beaumont can clear up. Let us send for him."

"If you do the game is up. I trust, in fact, he does not know of my visits. We cannot be too cautious in this matter."

"Pedantic ass," muttered my uncle; "but I suppose we had better give him his own way. If you meet Parker and me here at seven to-night, we shall have this wonderful desk opened, and your great discoveries shall be made."

They met again that evening. The desk was opened by Parker, and a bundle of letters, carefully packed up, all from Elinor Beaumont, and a quantity of circulars, playbills, and shop receipts, were handed to the expert.

That gentleman read through the letters, and seemed much struck by the last.

"Read that," said he, handing it to my uncle.

As the letter is important, I give it entire:

"180 FLEET STREET, }
Sept. 24, 1803. }

"*My Dear Charles*—Although we had an adverse wind all the way, we made without difficulty the port we were bound for. My aunt, in spite of the weight of her fifty years, enjoyed the trip much, and is ready to sail again. I hope you will think of sending the line you promised on the 25th, and come yourself, as your party is now much smaller, and we should enjoy the visit.

"When I was in London last week I saw our cousin Harry, fresh from Windsor. There is but one little change to be observed in him—not as much as you would expect. Come to us on Friday.

"Yours, very affn.,
"ELINOR B."

My uncle read this out loud, from beginning to end, and then he said,

"Do you see anything suspicious in that? It seems to me very innocent."

"Hum! It may be. Was there anything else in the desk?" said he, addressing Parker.

"You may go and look," growled that potentate; and he led the way, the expert following.

The desk was quite empty, with the exception of two or three scraps of waste paper. On one of these the expert pounced, and returned with an air of elation to the other room. He then unfolded this scrap of paper, disclosed a half sheet exactly the size of the paper on which Elinor Beaumont's letters were written, in which oblong holes at intervals had been cut.

He then placed this half sheet over the letter, and handed both, thus placed, to my uncle, whose astonished eyes read the following words, which the holes left visible:—

"Fleet windbound. Fifty sail of the line. Twenty-five smaller Should the wind change, expect us on Friday."

"The devil!" said my uncle; and Nelson ordered off to the West Indies."

Then was there, as you may suppose, hurrying, and scurrying, and running and chasing, and dispatching of government couriers, and semaphore telegraphs, and carrier-pigeons, and all the old world means of communication then in fashion. The key thus obtained disclosed the whole correspondence, which turned out to be a connected series of letters from the French government, smuggled into Jersey. The rest history knows; the intended invasion was abandoned, and Napoleon went elsewhere.

"But what put you on the scent?" asked my uncle afterwards, with many apologies to the expert.

"I suspected the trick from the first, although it was a very good specimen of it. The letters were too innocent, and had too little point in them. But they were done with admirable skill. The grammar was complete; and the little dots or marks which bunglers use to guide them in writing the words which are to be read were entirely absent. The way in which the deception is effected is this: The correspondents, before commencing, take a sheet of paper and cut holes in it, which, of course, in the two half sheets exactly correspond. They each take one half sheet, and when the letter is to be written, the writer so arranges the words that those intended to be read shall appear in the holes when the half sheet is placed over the paper, which is of the same size. When his correspondent receives the letter, he places his half sheet over it and reads the words as you did. The difficulty, which was so well conquered in this case, is to make the sense run fluently, and to prevent any visible break in the writing. Without the half sheet with the holes in it, no one can have the slightest clue to the real meaning.

"My suspicions, once aroused, were confirmed by the inquiries which I made. The whole story about the sister was a fabrication. The letters did come from Jersey, the answers went to Fleet street, to the charge of very notorious foreign agents. But if our friend had not been fool enough to leave his half sheet in his desk, we might have groped in vain for the mystery."

Beaumont disappeared that night, and was never heard of again at the Admiralty. It transpired afterward that some accomplice had warned him of the expert's visit to the Admiralty, and his inquiries in Jersey. He had made an attempt to get admittance to his room, but was scared by the sounds he heard, and contrived to escape to France. The lady who acted the sister, and who visited the Admiralty, partly to put the authorities off their guard, and probably also to interchange the key to the cipher, was a Parisian celebrity who both before and afterward was renowned for her daring in political intrigue."

☞ There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul.—*Ruskin.*

☞ Paper napkins for table use have just been introduced in the restaurants of Germany. They answer every purpose for one using. Three of them cost less than a cent.

☞ A Philadelphia doctor says that washing horses in the morning with water in which one or two onions are sliced will keep all the flies at a distance. The experiment is worth trying.

☞ The latest intelligence from the expedition surveying the Isthmus of Darien, for a canal route between the Atlantic and Pacific, is that it has not yet met with success, and that the Caledonia route is impractiable.

☞ The Detroit Tribune says of that story of the circus musicians being eaten by lions in Missouri, that "there weren't any lions attached to the circus. There wasn't any circus. The musicians tumbled into a den of hare—not lions."

A GIRL'S FAITH.

No two leaves above us waving
Are quite alike in form and hue;
No two flowers in equal measure
Hold the blessing of the dew;
Nothing on earth is reposted,
All is special, all is new.

So of all the host of lovers,
Now and in the days of yore,
Loving deeply, loving lightly,
Loving less, or loving more,
None have loved—I hold it certain—
Quite as you and I before.

Hearts have beat, but not as ours did,
When this hope upon us broke;
All our former life mere dreaming,
Till to consciousness we woke,
In a world anew created
By a little word each spoke.

Not as ours! for that was needed
What belongs to us alone;
Just the years we two have counted,
Just the sorrows we have known,
Just your strength and just my weakness,
Love! our love is all our own!

A Pretty Specimen of Abuse.

The following precious specimen of abuse, is O'Connell's reply to Disraeli. We doubt whether any of our Congressional rowdies could exceed it. But this was not delivered in Parliament, but at Taunton, about thirty years ago:—

"This miscreant had the audacity to style me an incendiary. Why, I was a greater incendiary in 1831 than I am at present, if ever I were one—and if I am, he is doubly so for having employed me. Then he calls me a traitor. My answer to that is, he is a liar. He is a liar in actions and in words. His life is a living lie. He is a disgrace to his species. What state of society must that be that can tolerate such a creature—having the audacity to come forward with one set of principles at one time, and obtain political assistance by reason of those principles, and at another to profess diametrically the reverse? His life, I say again, is a living lie. He is the most degraded of his species and kind; and England is degraded in tolerating, or having upon the face of her society, a miscreant of his abominable, foul, and atrocious nature. My language is harsh, and I owe an apology for it, but I will tell you why I owe an apology. It is for this reason, that if there be harsher words in the British language I should use them, because it is the harshest of all terms that would be descriptive of a wretch of this species. He is just the fellow for the Conservative Club. I suppose if Sir Robert Peel had been out of the way when he was called upon to take office, this fellow would have undertaken to supply his place. He has falsehood enough, depravity and selfishness enough to become the fitting leader of the Conservatives. He is conservatism personified. His name shows him by descent a Jew. His father became a convert. He is better for that in this world, I hope, of course, he will be the better for it in the next. There is a habit of underrating that great and oppressed nation—the Jews. They are cruelly persecuted by persons calling themselves Christians; but no person ever yet was a Christian who persecuted. The cruellest persecution they suffer is upon their character, by the foul names which their calumniators bestowed upon them before they carried their atrocities into effect. They feel the persecution of calumny severer upon them than the persecution of actual force and the tyranny of actual torture. I have the happiness to be acquainted with some Jewish families in London, and among them more accomplished ladies, or more humane, cordial, high-minded, or better educated gentlemen, I have never met. It will not be supposed, therefore, when I speak of Disraeli as the descendant of a Jew, that I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants among them, also, and it must have certainly been from one of those that Disraeli descended. He possessed just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross."

[*Note.*—The recent "criticism" of "*Lothair*" and its author in Blackwood, is more gentlemanly than the above, but about equally venomous.—*Ed. Post.*]

☞ An Irishman, just arrived in the country, was anxious to become acquainted with the eccentric orator of Roanoke. He undertook to introduce himself, and approached him with: "Have I the honor of addressing the famous American orator, Mr. Randolph?" "That is the honor I allow only to those with whom I am acquainted," replied Randolph, in his sarcastic tone. After some conversation, he asked the Irishman how long he had been in the country? He replied: "I have been but a short time in the country; but I have had the honor to be introduced to General W., Colonel B., Major C., and numerous other officers. Your Revolutionary War, Mr. Randolph, must have been very unfortunate; indeed, I must say, disastrous, for it seems to have cut off all the privates, and left nothing but officers behind."

☞ It is rather tantalizing to read that, while we are sweltering here on terra firma under ninety degrees in the shade, right off the coast the temperature is disagreeably cool. The ship E. Yeo, which arrived recently from Newport, Wales, reports "very cold" all the way from long. 56, while the captain of the steamer Paraguay, from London, declares that, "except for the difference in temperature, there was nothing to distinguish the voyage from a rough winter one."

☞ When the celebrated Dr. Hunter, one of the greatest benefactors of the human species, started on his metropolitan career, he met with every discouragement. His first lecture in London was attended only by the porter. The great man, by no means discouraged, said, "John, take that skeleton down, that I may with propriety say, 'gentlemen.'" He delivered his lecture. Such an example of determination and fortitude ought to encourage every young man who meets with difficulties on the threshold of his career.

☞ A contemporary, in view of the weather, asks that "The learned gentlemen who have been seeing spots on the face of the sun for some time past, and predicting that the force of his rays would be materially diminished thereby, will please step to the front and explain." The spots are probably a scarlet fever eruption.

Fashions in Utah.

FROM THE DESERET NEWS, JUNE 20.

The following resolutions were adopted by the First Young Ladies' Department of the Ladies' Co-operative Retrenchment Association, Salt Lake City, organized May 27, 1870:—

Resolved, That realising ourselves to be wives and daughters of apostles, prophets, and elders of Israel, and as such, that high responsibilities rest upon us, and that we shall be held accountable to God, not only for the privileges we inherit from our fathers, but also for the blessings we enjoy as Latter-day Saints, we desire to unite and co-operate with, and do mutually pledge ourselves that we will uphold and sustain each other in doing good.

Resolved, That inasmuch as the saints have been commanded to gather out from Babylon and "not partake of her sins, that they receive not of her plagues," we feel that we should not condescend to imitate the pride, folly, and fashions of the world; and inasmuch as the church of Jesus Christ is likened unto a city set on a hill to be a beacon of light to all nations, it is our duty to set examples for others, instead of seeking to pattern after them.

Resolved, That we will respect ancient and modern apostolic instructions. St. Paul exhorted Timothy to teach "the women to adorn themselves in modest apparel—not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but which becometh women possessing godliness, with good works." Peter, also, in his first epistle, in speaking of women, says: "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and wearing of gold, or of putting on apparel: but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price; for after this manner, in old time, the holy women also who trusted in God adorned themselves." In a revelation given to the Latter-day Saints in 1831, the Lord said, "Thou shalt not be proud in thy heart; let all thy garments be plain, and their beauty the beauty of the work of thine own hands." All of which we accept as true principle, and such as should be fully illustrated in our practice.

Resolved, That, with a firm and settled determination to honor the foregoing requirements, and being deeply sensible of the sinful ambition and vanity in dress among the daughters of Zion, which are calculated to foster the pride of the world and shut out the spirit of God from the heart, we mutually agree to exert our influence, both by precept and by example, to suppress and to eventually eradicate these evils.

Resolved, That, admitting variety has its charms, we know that real beauty appears to better advantage in a plain dress than when bedizened with finery, and while we disapprobate extravagance and waste, we would not, like the Quakers, recommend a uniform, but would have each one to choose the style best adapted to her own taste and person; at the same time we shall avoid, and ignore as obsolete with us, all extreme which are opposed to good sense, or repulsive to modesty.

Resolved, That inasmuch as cleanliness is a characteristic of a saint, and an imperative duty, we shall discard the dragging skirts, and, for decency's sake, those disgustingly short ones, extending no lower than the boot tops. We also regard "paniers" and whatsoever approximates in appearance towards the "Grecian Bend," a burlesque on the natural beauty and dignity of the human female form, and will not disgrace our persons by wearing them. And also, as fast as it shall be expedient, we shall adopt the wearing of home made articles, and exercise our united influence in rendering them fashionable.

Mrs. Ella Y. Empy,
President.
Mrs. Emily Y. Crawson,
Mrs. Zina Y. Williams,
Mrs. Maria Y. McDougal,
Mrs. Caroline Y. Croxall,
Miss Dora Young,
Miss Phebe Young,
Counsellors.

☞ A touching scene is related by a gentleman as having occurred during the decoration ceremonies. A little girl entered the cemetery carrying wreaths of beautiful flowers, and hastened to the side where the Confederate dead lay, and proceeded to lay a wreath on each grave. A friend of hers approached her, saying: "But, Susie, those are the rebels' graves." She replied, "Yes, I know it; but my pa was a soldier, and died in Libby prison, and is buried down South. I so much hope some little girl there will strew flowers on his grave. I thought I would bring those and put them on the rebels' graves. Maybe some of them have little girls at home, you know."—*Fayette (Ind.) Dispatch.*

☞ A lady was invited at ten o'clock Saturday night to join a party of friends who were going to Europe. On Monday morning at eight o'clock she sailed, and her baggage consisted of a small trunk containing a change of clothes, a black silk dress and a blanket shawl.

☞ The following receipt will be found to be a better way of getting rid of flies than all the shooing you could do in a lifetime: Mix together one part of black pepper, two of brown sugar, and four of cream; set it where the flies most do congregate.

☞ "What is often called indolence," says Henry Crabb Robinson, "is in fact the unconscious consciousness of incapacity."

☞ A gentleman who has just returned from abroad says that "when he was in Scotland he thought that he could never leave it; when he was in London that he could never live anywhere else; and when he went to Paris he liked it so much that he thought he would stay there till he died."

☞ A saying of Sir Robert Walpole, very suggestive at the present time: "Parties are like snakes—their heads are always pushed forward by their tails."

☞ A Pennsylvania paper tells of a local preacher who has received for salary this year nothing but a currycomb, a keg of varnish and two dozen clothes-pins. Whenever his children cry with hunger, he gags them with a clothes-pin, scratches their stomachs with a currycomb, and lays on a coat of varnish.

☞ One of the Beecher girls used to say that she had three rules to guide her in copying her father's MSS.:—If a letter was dotted it was not an i; if a letter was crossed it wasn't t; and if a word began with a capital letter it didn't begin a sentence.

☞ EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—Brownson—"Well, I always make it a rule to tell my wife everything that happens."

Smithkins—"Oh, my dear fellow, that's nothing. I tell my wife lots of things that never happened at all."

☞ The Barnstable (Mass.) Patriot tells a bird story, which it declares to be true, thus:—"Capt. D. W. Percival, of this village, of the bark Sicilian, procured in Messina, last winter, a wild goldfinch, which he caged on board the ship. A few weeks ago the bird escaped when they were off the Capes of Delaware, on the passage from Philadelphia to Boston, and lighted on the spars of the Five-fathom Light-ship. The Sicilian, during the succeeding thirty-six hours, made about 190 miles, bringing her off Long Island. There, surrounded by some thirty vessels, sailing on different courses, a shore bird was seen in the distance. It rapidly approached the ship, lit upon her spars, and finally entered the cage, its home. It proved to be the lost goldfinch."

☞ "WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."—Cook. "Please, 'm, I wishes to give warning—"

Mistress (surprised). "Why, what's the matter?"

Cook. "The fact is, mum, I'm going to get married!"

Mistress. "Why, cook, I did not know you were engaged!"

Cook. "Which I ham not exactly, engaged as yet, mum; but I feels myself to be of that 'appy disposition as I could love hany man, mum!"

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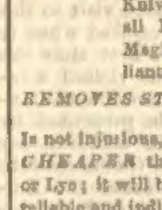

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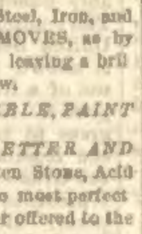

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Literal Answers.

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt:

"Now, that's benevolence."

"No it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignant, "it's salt."

So when a lady asked her servant girl if the hired man cleaned off the snow with alacrity, she replied:

"No, ma'am, he used a shovel."

The same literal turn of mind which we have been illustrating is sometimes used intentionally and perhaps a little maliciously, and thus becomes the property of wit instead of blunder. Thus we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street:

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea, yer honor," said the urchin.

There was another boy who was accosted by an ascetic middle-aged lady with:

"Boy, I want to go to Dover street."

"Well, ma'am," said the boy, "why don't you go then?"

One day, at Lake George, a party of gentlemen strolling among the beautiful islands on the lake, with bad luck, espied a little fellow with a red shirt and a straw hat, dangling a line over the side of a boat.

"Halloo, boy," said one of them, "what are you doing?"

"Fishing," came the answer.

"Well, of course," said the gentleman, "but what do you catch?"

"Fish, you fool; what do you s'pose?"

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class.

"I have," exclaimed one.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"On the elephant," said the boy, laughing.

Sometimes this sort of wit degenerates or rises, as the case may be, into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying:

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" and her brother replied:—

"I think they are going to thunder."

Also the following dialogue:

"Halloo, there! how do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it is now."

And also when Patrick O'Flynn was seen with his collar and his bosom sadly begrimed, and was indignantly asked by his officer:

"Patrick O'Flynn! how long do you wear a shirt?"

"Twenty-eight inches, sir."

This reminds one of an instance which is said to have occurred recently in Chatham street, New York, where a countryman was clamorously besieged by a shopkeeper.

"Have you any fine shirts?" said the countryman.

"A splendid assortment. Step in, sir. Every price and every style. The cheapest in the market, sir."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir."

"Then," said the countryman, with great gravity, "you had better put on one, for you need it."

Wasn't Afraid of Indians.

A friend of ours, who took a trip to California, said that he was not afraid of Indians, because he belonged to the Benevolent Order of Red Men, and knew all the passwords and winks, and all the figurative language and things, and no savage was going to touch him, initiated and fixed up as he was in regalia. He hadn't gone more than a hundred miles from Omaha before a band of Indians came at him and scooped him up. He took the chief aside and whispered the password in his ear, and gave him the grip twenty-six times on both hands, and made some observations about "fifth moons" and "happy hunting grounds." The chief replied in a friendly manner by tomahawking him and jabbing his butcher knife into his vitals. Our friend remarked that these ceremonies were not observed in his lodge; but the chief wanted to show him all the peculiarities of the Western system, so he scalped him and chopped off his nose, and was about to build a bonfire on his stomach, when some soldiers arrived and rescued him. He is now the bald-headest Red Man this side of the Pacific Ocean, and you never saw a person so disgusted with secret societies and Indian poetry. He is going to sue his lodge for passing a counterfeit grip on him, and for damage done by loss of his hair.

Anecdote of Jarves.

When the bacchanalian propensities of Jarves, the painter, had rendered him rather an unequal, if not an unsafe artist, he was employed by a gentleman to paint his wife—a miracle of plainness—under the stipulation that a pint of wine at a single sitting must be the extent of his potations. Jarves assented, and in a short time produced a perfect *fac simile* of the lady. On exhibiting it to the husband, he seemed disappointed. "Couldn't you have given it," said he to the painter, "a little less—that is, couldn't you give it now a little more—" "If you expect me," said Jarves, seeing the husband's drift at once, "if you expect me to make a handsome portrait of your wife, I must have more than a pint of wine at a sitting. I couldn't get up imagination to make her even good-looking under a quart at the very least!"

"It's Set for Twenty Minutes."

A good story is told of an English judge visiting a penal institution, and being practically disposed, the learned judge philanthropically trusted himself on the treadmill, desiring the warden to set it in motion. The machine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes, however, the new hand had quite enough of it, and called to be released, but this was not so easy. "Please, my lord," said the man, "you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes; that's the shortest time we can make it go." So the judge was in durance until his "term" expired.

"The Servants."

Cook—"Yes, Susan, I'm a writin' to Mary Hann Miggs. She 'ev applied to me for the character of my last missus, which she thinken' of takin' the sittiwation—"

Susan—"Will you give her one?"

HORRIBLE REVELATIONS.

(Paterfamilias has Purchased the Lease of a Picturesque Old Red-Brick House, which is undergoing Repair.)

WORKMAN.—"Think you seed one of 'em a crorling along the winder? Ah! jest you wait till you've been and slep' 'ere for a hour or two! Why, wood-panelling, oak in particular, is more liable nor anything for sich as them to harbor, and they accumulates *tremanjous*, and you *never gets rid of 'em*, try what you will! If you was to take down this 'ere panel, tho' their haint so much as room for the hedge of a carvin'-knife betwix' the wood and the bricks be'ind, you'd find 'em clustered as thick as grapes! Ah! and if you was jest to blow a puff o' your cigar on 'em, they stand up straight on their 'ind legs, and look at you jest like a regiment o' sogers! *Chorus.* "O! Papa!"

Cook—"Well, I've said this. (Reads.) "Mrs. Perkaits presents her compliminks to Miss Miggs, and begs to inform that I consider Mrs. Brown a respek'able young person, and one as knows her dooties; but she can't conshensley recommend her temper, which I had to part with her on that account.' It's allus best to be candid, you know, Susan!"—*Punch.*

THE ASHES OF LIFE.

Ten o'clock, and the echoes
Die out in the silent hall,
And I shade my eyes from the firelight
That shadows the parlor wall.
Over there in the corner,
A-gleam in the dancing light,
Still precious beyond all telling,
Lie the letters I burn to-night.

The parting is hard, my treasures,
It will darken my life, I know;
The dream I have dreamed was a folly,
It is better to let you go.
And I brush from my throbbing temples
The heavy, clinging hair,
And smother my anguish, trying
To believe I do not care.

I gather them all together,
Not heeding, though tear-drops roll,
Though the chime of gladsome memory
Is ringing through my soul.
I gather them all together,
My idols, which proved but clay—
Red flames tenderly fold them,
They are burning my heart away.

They drop from my quivering fingers
Into the flame's dull roar,
And I know that my dream is ended
Forever and evermore.
The dreaded task is over,
Uttered the last good-by,
And the smoke of my burning incense
Floats up to the blind, black sky.

The Expected Russian Lion.

Washington society is already excited over the announcent of the intended visit of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, although he will not come until next year. The Grand Duke is described as being a most remarkably handsome man. He is 22 years old. The compliment of his intended visit to the United States is to be appreciated when it is known that it will be the first time the son of a Russian Emperor has visited a republic. He will attend the session of Congress in full uniform, and be presented by the Russian Minister, also in uniform, for the Grand Duke is to come as the immediate representative of his royal father the Emperor. Mr. A. T. Stewart has offered his new house in Fifth Avenue to be used by the Grand Duke during his stay in New York. Apropos of his visit, the following well-authenticated anecdote is given. The young man belongs to the Russian navy, and a year ago, when acting as midshipman, the vessel to which he was assigned was wrecked off the coast of Denmark. This vessel, by-the-way, was the Alexandre Newski, a frigate built in New York. When it became certain that the ship could not be saved, the Admiral ordered the men to the life-boats, and, wishing to ensure the safety of the royal midshipman, ordered him to take command of the first boat. The Grand Duke was on duty at the time on deck, and understanding the Admiral's reasons for giving the order, refused point blank to do it. "My duty," he said, "is here, and I must be the last to leave the ship." "Do you know, sir," demanded the Admiral, "that you are under my command, and dare you refuse to obey my orders?" "I will obey," the young man answered firmly, "any orders you may choose to give me, except the one to leave the ship, where it is my duty now to remain." As it was impossible to enforce obedience under such circumstances, the Admiral was obliged to yield the point, and the Emperor's son was the last to leave the ship. As soon as a landing was effected, and preparations were made to encamp on shore, the Admiral ordered the brave young middy to be placed under arrest for disobedience of orders. Having done so, he despatched to the Emperor an account of the whole affair. To this the Emperor at once replied: "I approve your having put the midshipman Alexis under arrest for disobedience, and I bless my boy for having disobeyed."

☞ When a person declares that his "brain is on fire," is it etiquette to blow it out?

DRIED-APPLE PIES.

I loathe, abhor, detest, despise,
Abominate dried-apple pies!
I like good bread, I like good meat,
Or anything that's fit to eat;
But of all poor grub beneath the skies
The poorest is dried-apple pies.
Give me toothache or sore eyes
In preference to such kind of pies.

The farmer takes his gnarliest fruit;
'Tis wormy, bitter, and hard to boot;
They leave the hulls to make us cough,
And don't take half the peeling off.
Then on a dirty cord they're strung,
And from some chamber window hung;
And there they serve as roost for flies
Until they're ready to make pies.
Tread on my corns, or tell me lies,
But don't pass me dried-apple pies.

Terrible State of Affairs in St. Louis.

The other day, a St. Louis clerk, in rescuing a pretty girl in the street from a big dog, luckily sprained his ankle. The young lady called a carriage, took her preserver home, nursed the roses back to his cheeks, and married him, with pa's blessings and greenbacks. This is all very nice and pretty and romantic; but it is going to get somebody into trouble. Just as soon as the news got around in St. Louis, every solitary young man in that village went and pawned his watch and bought a bull-dog or a black-and-tan terrier. And now these fellows are lurking up every blind alley in St. Louis, watching for a chance to set their dogs on the first rich and pretty girl that passes. Only one case is recorded so far. The dog flew out and bit the girl; but when the young man came to her rescue, he was knocked down four times by a policeman who was awfully opposed to poetry, and then arrested for cruelty to animals, and assault and battery, and homicide, and three or four other crimes! All the girls in St. Louis are reading up on dog-bites and hydrophobia, so as to know what to do when their time comes.

An Extraordinary Sale.

Before a court in the province of Pesth, Hungary, says the Jewish Times, a suit was pending, in which an aged Jew was to make a statement under oath. He was ready to take the oath, when another Jew arose and protested against it.

"This man dare not take an oath."

"Why not?" asked the Judge.

"There exists a Hebrew prayer which contains the sentence, that 'every Jew has a share in the life to come.' It is now about twenty years ago, while I was present, when the man who is now about to take an oath sold his 'share in the life to come,' guaranteed to him in the prayer, to another Jew, a Mr. Y., who paid him a certain amount of money for it. As he, therefore, cannot count any longer on a future existence, he has nothing to fear or hope for in the life to come; it must be certainly indifferent to him whether he swear to a truth or a falsehood."

The matter was examined into, and as the strange transaction was found to have taken place in reality, the court granted the protest of the old man, and the party who sold his "share in the life to come" was declared incapable of taking an oath.

A young German paid the expenses to this country of a German girl whom he intended to marry. At Pittsburg she discarded him for an American lover, and he thereupon sued her for $205 which it cost him to bring her to this country. The bill was afterwards reduced and the second lover paid it.

AGRICULTURAL.

Natural Food.

Believing as I do that most of the diseases which befall our animals, the unsound feet of our horses, the difficulties which attack their lungs, and nervous organizations are attributable directly or indirectly to bad feeding, I make a special appeal to you not to be unmindful of the importance of feeding and care, in the business of giving the animal not only a useful life, but a comfortable one. Do not undertake to lead your animals too far away from the natural laws which guide them, and those instincts which teach them what is useful for food. The animal, you should remember, retains his natural tastes, more fully than man in his artificial modes of life possibly can. I once heard a distinguished physician of this city, Dr. John Ware, of admirable and blessed memory, advise his class in the medical school not to expect to preserve their powers of mind or body by departing from the customary diet of their fathers. Long generations fed upon stimulating food, nourished upon tea and coffee, and strong meats and condiments, had produced a condition of the human system in civilized and prosperous life, which could not be supplied by the coarser articles of diet, and had led man away from his savage state, from aboriginal rudeness and simplicity. Now, with the animal the case is different. He and his past generations have been accustomed to the simplest life and the simplest food, and in this mode of living he finds his longest and strongest life. Do not, therefore, endeavor to lead the animal too far away from his natural habits, unless you expect to shorten his life and diminish the value of his service. Remember that the horse, whose courage, and gallantry, and strength you admire, has come from the sweet pastures on the northern hills, and from the great haystacks there; and do not for a moment suppose that you can transfer him from his natural life there, to hard work and an excessive amount of stimulating food, without destroying his natural forces, and enervating his powers. I have great regard for horses, and when I return home from the lecturing labors of the week, I take great pleasure in contemplating the honest faces of those animals which serve me well, and whom I endeavor to treat with kindness and consideration. An interview with them is refreshing. I am especially careful of their food, and by confining them to an abundance of good hay (not too much) with roots and a little grain for their exhilaration, I find them really to welcome me with a bright and lively countenance, and with elastic and vigorous step on the road. I find they can be kept in better condition in this way, their lives more prolonged, their enjoyment more enhanced, than by an excessive amount of stimulating, artificial food. I direct them in the ways of health and animal happiness—and they serve me with resolution and will.

This same rule will apply to cattle. I see here some young men who are devoting themselves to the business of agriculture, and who take a pride in their cattle husbandry, and I warn them against all attempts to bring their animals to unnatural and premature perfection by excessive amounts of stimulating food. The value of the animal is lessened, his vitality diminished, his service weakened, and what was intended for kindness becomes to him a cruel destruction in the end.—*Dr. Loring in Massachusetts Ploughman.*

About Pruning.

It is the fate of all good ideas to be pushed to extremes. Ever since the day when the ass broke into that Grecian vineyard and taught by his browsing, that some good followed summer pruning, thousands of leaves have been stripped off and millions of vines injured by a too free use of the pruning knife. We have labored as sincerely as any to show how much is lost in this way; and have pointed out that pruning as generally practised, tends to weaken vitality and pave the way for future diseases.

But we observe that some of our pupils are going to another extreme. Prune not at all, is getting to be a popular but too common cry; a little pruning, unlike a little learning, is not at all a dangerous thing.

Darwin has shown that there is among individual plants a struggle for life always going on. The stronger crowds out the weaker one; but so long as it lives, the weaker one has some effect on the stronger one.

The same law is as true of branches as of distinct plants; each struggles for light. The vigorous shoot shades the weaker; but that in turn sometimes interferes with the strong one, and prevents it from utilizing the light to the best advantage.

Thus it will be seen, that to have the best results, we must regulate this struggle in nature. A dozen branches well developed and having the ability to display all their leafy charms to the admiring sunlight, will be worth much more to the plant than double the number closely interfering with one another.

A good gardener must have foresight. He should be able to see in imagination a tree a year ahead of its growth; and prune in advance of the necessity of the tree. This will prevent much of the temporary injury which undoubtedly flows from severe pruning all at once; and which if annually continued is a great evil.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

To Destroy the Currant Slug.

A number of remedies are recommended for destroying the currant slug, which of late years has become a sore pest, defoliating the bushes and causing the fruit to wither, or at least not to mature fully. Without speaking positively on the subject—not having had leisure to compare them critically—we believe the slug or little brown worm that eats up the leaves of the currant bushes, is identical with that making the same assault upon the rose bushes and the grape leaves.

A certain remedy is said to be "green cedar bushes, cut in small pieces and scattered under the current bushes;" and, it is added, "there is something offensive about cedars to all bugs and worms, and they do not approach it." This may be true. But we have some positive means at hand to gainsay it, and of course have no faith in it. We have had so many remedies of this kind for vermin of every description which have never proved their claims, that we have become a little "jubis." We know that the criptomeria and the arbor vitæ are preferred by certain insects to attach to them their propagating houses, having with our own hands removed at least fifty from a single small tree; and have frequently seen the same nests on the American cedar in our own premises.

The best remedy in our judgment, for this slug pest, is the application of a solution of whale-oil soap, (as we have often before suggested,) in the proportion of one pound to five gallons of water, sprinkled over the leaves from a watering-pot with a fine rose. It is certain death to all it touches.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

OX LABOR.—The season impresses every farmer with the importance and the necessity, almost, of the labor and strength of of the ox. A single horse, or even a good span can hardly take the plough along with so deep a furrow as a heavy pair of oxen; and for some kinds of crops, the cultivation must be deep and thorough to be effective. We would not give much for the prospect of a big root crop with a shallow and imperfect ploughing to begin with. The full strength of a good team is required to secure the highest results.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 2, 12, 16, 23, 30, was an ancient king.
My 6, 14, 29, 20, 10, was an ancient plant.
My 8, 22, 15, 1, 4, was an ancient seaport.
My 13, 26, 9, 3, 25, was an ancient animal.
My 15, 21, 6, 18, 5, was an ancient gem.
My 17, 9, 11, 23, 16, was an ancient town.
My 19, 6, 28, 15, 24, was an ancient woman.
My 24, 15, 7, 12, 9, was an ancient bird.
My 27, 16, 26, 21, 10, was an ancient plague.
My whole is part of a verse in the Bible.

ISOLA.

Charade.

See the stoled priests slow past the altar move,
While wreaths of incense dim the air above.
Hear the rich organ, tuned to notes of love,
In gushing chorus burst!
It is my *first*,

Surely my *second* is not space too wide
For last sad resting-place to set aside;
When breath runs out with life's receding tide.
Like beacons on the sand,
Let the tombs stand.

Oh that my *whole* should ever had a place
Where old Religion showed its reverent face!
That such offence be spared our future race,
Send up to Heaven a prayer
For peace, as there. R. F. M,

Mathematical Problem.

The length of a hollow conical frustum is 8 feet; the diameters of the ends, outside measurement, are 4 feet 6 inches and 6 feet 2 inches; it is 10 inches thick at the smaller end, and 3 inches thick at the larger end.

It is required to divide this frustum into three equal frustums and find their lengths. Send solutions to

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Problem.

I have three pieces of land; the first is 125 rods long, and 53 wide; the second is 62½ rods long, and 34 wide; and the third contains 37 acres; what will be the length of the side of a square field whose area will be equal to the three pieces.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are ships called "she?" Ans.—Because they always keep a man on the look out.

☞ Why are blushes like girls? Ans.—Because they become a woman.

☞ Why can't a thief easily steal a watch? Ans.—Because he must take it off its guard!

☞ When is a crow absolutely inexcusable? Ans.—When it's a raven without cawse.

☞ How is it that butchers often have the propensities of betting men? Ans.—Because they are frequently holding *steaks*.

☞ Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Ans.—Because he can't go a step-father.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—True piety brings happiness to every heart, although, alas! we too often neglect it. CHARADE—Crest, rest.

Answers to Delta's PROBLEM of May 7th—$24,543.75; Delta, A. Rittenhouse. $2,463.75; Geo. W. S. Hart.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of March 5th—Billy gets 89,137 acres; Jim gets 114,696 acres; Tim gets 108,476 acres; Mike gets 94,396 acres; Ike gets 93,295 acres.—E. P. Norton, H. R. Spick.

Answer to Ego Geo's PROBLEM of May 28th—15 ducks at 30 cents each.—Ego Geo, W. C. D. Stevenson, L. W. Neubauer.

Answer to Delta's PROBLEM of April 9th—604.93 plus cubical inches.—Delta, A. Rittenhouse.

RECEIPTS.

BATTER PUDDING WITH GREEN FRUIT.—Make a batter as for suet pudding. If you have small fruit, put it in whole; if apples, chop them fine; boil it three hours.

CUSTARD BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Fill a pan with slices of buttered bread, with raisins, grated nutmeg and sugar over each slice; beat six eggs with a teacup of sugar; add two quarts of rich milk, and pour it over the bread and butter; bake it in a stove or oven.

ICING FOR RICH CAKES, ETC.—Put the white of three or four eggs into a glazed pan, quite free from the least grease, and mix in gradually one pound of sifted sugar; then beat it up with a wooden spoon until it becomes thick; add the juice of a lemon strained, and beat it again till it hangs to the spoon; then with the spoon drop some on the top of the cake, and with a clean knife smooth it well over the top and sides about an eighth of an inch thick; then put it in a dry place, and it will be dry in a few hours. Ornament it while wet, if it is required to be ornamented, by sticking figures of sugar or plaster on it, or candied peel.

TOMATOES AND RICE.—Tomatoes may be stewed with rice and onions in a strong brown gravy, the rice forming the greater portion of the dish.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—Rub some whiting very fine on a plate; have ready some clean warm water, and a piece of flannel, which dip in the water and squeeze very dry; then take as much whiting as will stick to the flannel, and rub the paint to remove dust or grease, then wash it well with clean water and wipe it dry with a soft cloth.

Bran boiled in water, and left to settle, is very good to clean paint; use a soft cloth or flannel; it will take off fly specks and impart a gloss to the paint; wipe it quite dry. Unless soap is used with great care, it will injure paint.

Varnished paint requires nothing but clean warm water and to be wiped dry.

BLACKING FOR HARNESS.—Melt four ounces of mutton suet with twelve ounces of beeswax; add twelve ounces of sugar-candy, four ounces of soft soap, dissolved in water, and two ounces of indigo finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add half a pint of turpentine. Lay it on the harness with a sponge, and polish off with a brush.